The Outlook

JUNE 12, 1918

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On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

"The Administration: An Appraisal" is the title of an article to appear in The Outlook next week. It contains an estimate of the men in leading executive positions—such as Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hurley, Mr. Baruch. It is vigorous, spirited, and pungent in style, and at the same time judicial in tone. It points out defects with great frankness, and it is cordial in its appreciation of merit. It renders a judgment as to the part politics has played in the prosecution of the war. It describes the hampering effect of red tape, and puts the blame squarely where the writer believes it belongs. It gives reasons and relates facts. It is anonymous, because its author has a responsible position under the Government, and therefore cannot write with freedom on the subject he treats unless his name is withheld.

In a succeeding issue, the same author, writing under the same general title, will have an article on the question whether a War Cabinet is desirable or possible, concluding with an estimate of the Administration as a whole—its merits, its shortcomings, and what it needs to do to meet the test which it is destined to undergo in the coming critical months.—THE EDITORS.

THE WEEK

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN ON OUR COAST

It is natural that the appearance of German submarines along the American coast, and their activity in a radius of less than one hundred miles of New York City, should excite and disturb us perhaps in a degree more than commensurate with the naval importance of the campaign. Up to the time of writing, the destruction caused by these undersea boats has been that of several schooners, one or two coastwise passenger steamships, and two or three other small steam vessels. So far as is positively known, there has been no destruction of life. Sensational as all this undersea activity is, and puzzling as are the problems as to where the submarines came from and what they may do next, it may be said that all of the injury they have inflicted up to date is much smaller than would have been the destruction of one large transport loaded with American troops.

No one is a better judge of the situation than Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He is quoted as saying that he believes that the submarine captains are under orders to cause terrorism by sinking as many ships as they can without regard to the military damage done. He explains this by saying: "I think the German strategy is obvious. By their campaign of terrorism they evidently hope to make us withdraw our ships from European waters, or at least fifty per cent of them. In this they will be disappointed, for the best protection we give to our shipping comes from the presence of our war craft in the war zone."

So far the submarines on our coast have sunk the captured ships by bombs or gunfire, not by torpedoes. In all cases, so far as we now know, the crews and passengers of the ships were allowed to take to the boats, and it is not known that in any case the submarines practiced the atrocity of shelling the boats, as undoubtedly other German submarines have done across the sea. Many crews and passengers are, however, still to be heard from as we write, and special fear had been felt for the fate of the 360 or more persons aboard the Carolina, a passenger liner running between Porto Rico and this country. A wireless message from her on June 2 said that she was being shelled and that passengers and crew had taken to the boats. Passengers from the Carolina to the number of over 300 were later landed or picked up at sea. Certainly three, probably five, submarines have been operating on our coast. On June 4 New York City had a lightless (or near-lightless) night. The possibility of air raids supported by submarines and of submarines bombarding coast cities has long been foreseen.

The captain of the four-masted schooner Edward H. Cole gave a thrilling and intensely interesting account of his experiences and those of the crew. They were given twelve and one-half minutes to take to the boats, and escaped with practically nothing but their clothes, while their ship was destroyed before their eyes by bombs placed within it. Even more exciting was the story told by Captain Holbrook, of the schooner Hattie Dunn. He was held eight days as a captive in a submarine. He reports that the submarine was constantly receiving wireless messages, some of them almost certainly from points within the United States. Generally speaking, the submarine officers treated their captives decently as compared with the brutality so often shown by German submarine officers abroad. Captain Gilmore, of the Edna, states that the submarine he was in was about 300 feet long. If this is so, it is not of the super-submarine type which report has said Germany had built for use in distant waters; nor was the submarine which sank the President Lincoln.

Whether or not these submarines have a base in Mexico or whether they have made the voyage directly over from Germany is a matter of conjecture. Naval officers say that it is incredible that a base exists in the United States. Theorists have many arguments to adduce for various solutions of the mystery. The new super-submarines are said to have a cruising radius of eight thousand miles, which would give them time to come to this country, carry on a campaign for some days, and then return without taking in new fuel.

But even this kind of campaign would seem to be one more for show and effect than for actual injury. The very fact that these submarines were satisfied to pick up small merchant ships rather than to lie in wait for transports indicates that they know that the system of guarding transports makes any attempt to attack them almost suicidal. With the warning now at hand, the danger to transports is even less than before. When we consider the numbers of transports used on the Atlantic and the hundreds of thousands of men who have been taken over, we may congratulate the American and British navies that such splendid protection has been afforded.

The loss of the President Lincoln on her return voyage from France was a serious injury to our transportation facilities so

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far as the loss of one vessel could be, but it is a trifle compared with what her loss would have been if she had been torpedoed on her outward voyage when filled with thousands of soldiers. As it was, none of the returning convalescents were injured, and, while twenty-three of the crew and three officers are reported missing, and it is said that one officer was taken prisoner by the submarine, the disaster was very much less tragical than was at first feared.

THE THIRD GERMAN OFFENSIVE

The third large effort of the German forces on the western front to drive back the Allied armies, and thus to form a broad wedge of conquered territory extending beyond the former comparatively straight line in the west, moved rapidly to what appears to be its culmination for the present during the week ending June 4. The section of French territory gained, if it were supposed to be turned on the map so as to have its point toward the west instead of the south, would present to the eye a figure very much in shape like that of the ground taken by the Germans in the Picardy drive, and not very different from it in dimensions. On the date given the apex of this figure rests on the north side of the Marne near Château Thierry, and about forty-three miles from Paris. The base, or widest part of the section, extends from Noyon southeasterly for about fifty miles to a point north of Rheims. Soissons, of course, is included in this section.

At the end of the week under discussion the reports strongly assert that General Foch has brought enough reserves into action to check the drive effectually. Attempts of the enemy to widen the section toward the west on June 1 met with little success, and a specially vicious thrust forward at the very point or spearhead of the offensive failed altogether. On June 4 it was announced that French and American forces had driven the Germans back across the Marne with heavy losses at a point where a crossing had been forced. The fighting has been fiercest in the region lying between the Marne to the south and the Ourcq, here running parallel to the Marne at a distance of about twelve miles to the north.

Assuming that for the present the position remains practically as it is, while Germany again reconstitutes its forces and gathers munitions for a new drive, the question must be mooted in the councils of the Allies as to what direction that new drive will take. The question at once brings out the strong point of Germany's general offensive plan on the western front. The credit for forming the plan is variously assigned to General Hutier and General Ludendorff. In brief, it consists in making the most of the natural advantage afforded by the fact that the old battle-line in the west took a sharp bend eastward, turning, as it were, on Montdidier as a pivot. Thus, if we take, say, Mons or Maubeuge as the central point of an imaginary irregular circle, it will be seen that German forces concentrating in that vicinity can be moved with equal facility northwest in the direction of the Flanders drive, westward in the direction of Amiens, or southward in the direction taken by the third drive. It is equally true that points of attack might be selected with equal advantage between any two of the places named; thus it is very possible that a move might be made from the point of concentration westward below Arras in the direction of Albert. Not only is it extremely difficult for the Allies to know in advance the direction a new German drive will take, but it is quite possible that the German General Staff itself does not know until practically the last minute—that is, within a very few days of the actual move. The choice may then be made in accordance with the latest information obtained as to the disposition of the Allies' forces and the comparative weakness of the different fronts.

To oppose this general plan the Allies must be as ready to defend one sector of the curve as another, and that from the outer and longer side of the curve. They cannot decide positively that the drive is coming at one point rather than another, and until it becomes clear to them what the German plan of attack is they must hold their reserves in readiness to move to the endangered section—and this takes time.

Immediate success, so far as occupying new ground is concerned, is pretty certain to follow the German plan of striking first in one direction and then in another. But if the Allies can check each of these repeated pushes before their line of defense is broken through or their armies crushed, it is more than likely that Germany's series of offensives will in time wear down its own man power and ability to attack, until the balance as between the two contending armies is restored to the state where it was when the Russian collapse made it possible for Germany to put practically its sole effort on the western front. Just what the relative losses in these offensives have been is not known, but the very nature of the German attack involved terrible expenditure of man power.

Despite the fact that the new drive has been pushed on in the direction of Paris, military critics generally do not think that Paris is now in danger. They hold that it is more likely that a fourth German drive on some different section of the line will follow than that the German effort will attempt to smash through the Allies' forces and move directly on Paris. The battle of the Marne in 1914, and later the failure at Verdun, has probably taught Germany the lesson of the folly of being precipitate.

The lessons of all the conclusions to be drawn from the new drive and the comments which come to America from England and France drive home again and again the pressing demand that American soldiers, American airplanes, and American ships must be forthcoming with despatch and in large numbers if victory is to be assured to the cause of the Allies.

Americans are justly proud of the capture and retention of the town of Cantigny by American soldiers. German papers admit that our regiment was outnumbered two to one, and the capture of two hundred German prisoners was a fine stroke. The dash and steadiness of our soldiers are highly praised.

GENERAL WOOD

The daily newspapers give rather full reports of the parting of Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., from the Eighty-ninth Division of the National Army in accordance with the orders of the War Department. It is not announced where the Eighty-ninth Division is now stationed, but before General Wood left he reviewed the division and said good-by to the officers. We quote as follows the account in the New York "Times:"

> From headquarters General Wood, accompanied by the officers who had been of his staff and had been the closest to him during the long months when the division was being whipped into shape at Camp Funston, walked to the parade field to review for the last time the Eighty-ninth Division.
>
> The review was a splendid spectacle. Every unit of the command was in line. The soldiers never appeared to better advantage. Tears were in the eyes of some of the staff officers as the last unit passed and General Wood saluted the colors.
>
> "A magnificent body of men. There are none better in any army in the world," said General Wood to a staff officer as this last unit in the long column swung by.
>
> General Wood was asked before he returned to Camp Funston if he would say anything regarding his conference with President Wilson last week, at which conference he was supposed to have asked the President for field service either in Europe or at home.
>
> "All that I feel privileged to say regarding my talk with the President," replied the General, "is that he was very courteous and very considerate."
>
> General Wood absolutely refused to discuss the report that his detachment from the command of the Eighty-ninth Division was made by Secretary Baker at the request of General Pershing.
>
> "I am leaving for Camp Funston to-morrow," General Wood said, "where I shall give the best that is in me to the training of the boys who will be ordered to that camp. We have got to win this war, and I intend to do everything that I can to make that victory, which I am sure is coming, certain and decisive."
>
> Asked what he thought of the situation on the French front, General Wood replied:
>
> "I think the line will hold."

General Wood is universally recognized as one of the best judges and critics of military affairs in this country. His attitude and opinions as expressed above give encouragement to all Americans in this time of serious war crisis. In last week's Outlook we announced that General Wood had been assigned

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to administrative work in San Francisco. According to the daily press, that order has been modified, and he will again take up his work of training at Camp Funston, where he so well prepared the Eighty-ninth Division for its great task overseas.

MAGNETO OR BATTERY IGNITION

In the Special Correspondence printed elsewhere in this issue Mr. Henry J. Haskell says: "It would be well for the reader to bear in mind that every statement to be made in this article will be challenged." Among the statements which Mr. Haskell undoubtedly expects to be challenged is the following:

> The men who designed the [Liberty] motor believe battery ignition to be superior. The battery spark is sharper, the magneto spark more prolonged and harder on the spark plugs.

We know this statement will be challenged because we have already in our possession a letter from a well-known electrical engineer in which he makes exactly the contrary statement. He declares that the Liberty motor overheats because the spark which ignites it is not of the proper character and is too weak in intensity, and that this is due to battery ignition. The effect of the weak spark, he explains, is to give a very slow flame propagation, which means that the gases under compression burn very slowly during a very long part of the piston travel, thus exposing the cylinder walls and piston-head to the heat of actual combustion for a much longer period of time than would a hot magneto spark. We shall not attempt to give the scientific reasons he adduces for the greater strength of the magneto spark as compared with the battery spark. We do not want to start a debate in our columns over a technical matter which most of our readers will not find interesting or even intelligible. We cite this letter simply to show how difficult it is to give a fair account of our aircraft production programme.

There is one other point, however, which does not involve so debatable a question, but which shows the difficulties which our automotive engineers have encountered in producing the Liberty motor.

As almost every one who drives an automobile knows, the gasoline vapor is compressed in the cylinder, is ignited, and, exploding, drives the piston. In the Liberty motor there are twelve of these cylinders, and therefore there must be twelve sparks in succession. These cylinders are set at an angle, six in one row and six in the other. Magneto ignition requires absolute regularity in the intervals between the sparks. In order to have absolute regularity these cylinders must be set at an angle of sixty degrees. For reasons which we need not enter into and which are variously reported, it has been decided to set these cylinders at a different angle. This means that the cylinders have to be divided into groups with a magneto for each group, and that means extra weight. To avoid this the designers of the Liberty motor resorted to the battery ignition, which can provide irregular timing of the sparks. It is claimed that this irregular timing causes a harmful vibration in the motor. Whichever system, therefore, is adopted, there will be experts who will point out its disadvantages.

It is folly for laymen to attempt to sit in judgment on such technical matters. The most that public opinion can do is to insist that the experts come to some kind of an agreement, or else that the authorities decide which expert's advice they will follow, and stick to that. One of the dangers of democracy is that every man shall tend to regard himself as an expert on all matters. What democracy has to learn is to select experts, trust them as long as they produce the required results, and give these chosen experts a free hand within their field and the reward at least of appreciation.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST FABRICATED SHIP

A remarkable achievement in American ship-building was commemorated on Memorial Day by the launching of the Agawam, the first of the new fabricated steel ships, at the Newark Bay shipyard of the Submarine Boat Corporation. It is believed that this new type of standardized ship will enable our ship-builders to overcome speedily the submarine menace by steadily increasing their output. As the name implies, these fabricated ships are of standard construction, the parts being made at a number of different steel mills and quickly put together or "assembled" at the shipyard. Thus the full manufacturing capacity of the country is utilized, and it is estimated that by 1919 our annual output of ships will equal or surpass the 5,000,000-ton mark.

The launching of the Agawam marks a new era in the ship-building industry. It proves the practicability of building ships "wholesale," according to a standard design—just as a number of automobiles are "assembled," all of the same model.

This achievement is the more remarkable when we consider that only nine months ago the site of the present Newark Bay shipyard was an impassable swamp. Within these few months the land was filled in and twenty-eight shipways erected, upon which an equal number of ships are being constructed.

The launching of the Agawam was witnessed by several thousand people, who loudly cheered the first of the fabricated fleet as she slid gracefully into the water. The customary bottle of champagne was broken over her bow by Miss Mary Eurana Ward, a niece of Charles M. Schwab, the Director-General of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Schwab, in a brief address, gave high praise to the executives who had made possible this early launching and to the workmen who had given their best efforts to speed the completion of the work. He announced officially that the Government had actually put into commission during the month of May over 250,000 tons of new ships, which is the equivalent of two ships like the Agawam for every working day of the month. Mr. Schwab also stated that within a short time the rate would be 500,000 tons a month.

The name Agawam was selected by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Its literal translation is "Great Salt Meadows of the Atlantic Coast"—a happy allusion to the spot where she was built. Approximately 27 steel mills, 56 fabricating plants, and 200 foundries, machine, pipe, joinery, and equipment shops are engaged in the production of the parts to make up the finished steamship. The Agawam has a dead-weight carrying capacity of about 5,500 tons. The length of the vessel is 343 feet on deck. The maintained speed at sea fully loaded will be at least 10½ knots per hour on a mean draught of approximately 23 feet. It is planned to launch two, and possibly three, ships per week at the Newark yard when in full operation.

The complete fruition of the plans of the Emergency Fleet Corporation will usher in a new epoch in the maritime history of the United States. It will enable this country again to assume its proper position as a great maritime power and to take over its share of the carrying trade of the world at the end of the war.

CHILD LABOR LAW INVALID

By the closest possible vote—five to four—the United States Supreme Court has decided that the law passed by Congress forbidding the transportation from one State to another of goods made by child labor (as defined in the law) is not in accord with the Constitution, and therefore cannot be enforced. The judges who agreed in invalidating the Child Labor Law were Chief Justice White and Justices Day, Van Devanter, Pitney, and McReynolds. Those who dissented from this opinion and held that the Child Labor Law ought to be regarded as Constitutional were Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Clarke, and McKenna. According to the despatches which reach us as we go to press, the prevailing opinion, read by Justice Day, holds that the statute is "an invasion by the Federal power for the control of a matter purely local in its character, and over which no authority has been delegated to Congress;" and argues that if Congress has the power which it assumed to exercise in this statute "all freedom of commerce will be at an end, and the power of the States over local matters may be eliminated, and thus our system of government be practically destroyed."

Justice Holmes, in the opinion in which all who dissented concurred, declared that "the National welfare is higher than the rights of any State or States," and pointed out several important cases upholding the principle which the dissenters regarded as being embodied in the Child Labor Law.

This decision by the Supreme Court will be regarded by a

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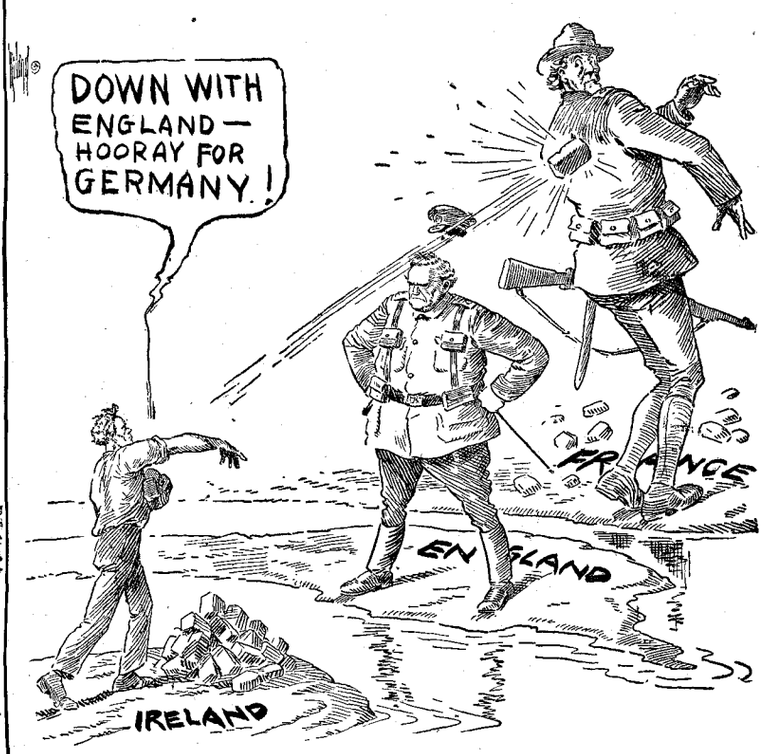
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

PUSHING HIM IN AGAIN

THE GERMAN PEASANT AGAIN SACRIFICED BY THE KAISER

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch



HE IS NOT THROWING AT US, BUT HE IS HITTING US

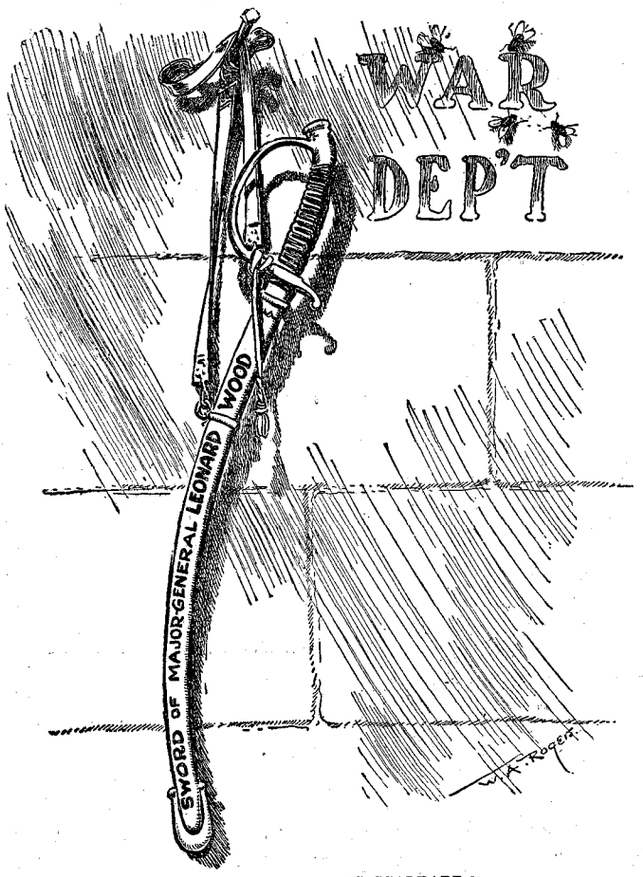
THE IRISHMAN HITS HIS BEST FRIEND

Pease in the Newark Evening News

TO MAKE PLAIN WHO'S BOSS

THE PEOPLE'S RAILWAYS AT LAST

Rogers in the New York Herald



SHALL IT RUST IN ITS SCABBARD?

"THE ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED AND I AM TO GO BACK TO FUNSTON"—*General Wood, June 2*

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Williams in London Opinion

THE IRISH ATTITUDE

The Irishman: "I must catch this fish—before I concern myself about the bull."

THE BULL MAY GET THERE FIRST

From the Lustige Blätter (Berlin)

The Paris Cat: "What the good French people do for my comfort is really touching."

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE BOMBING OF PARIS

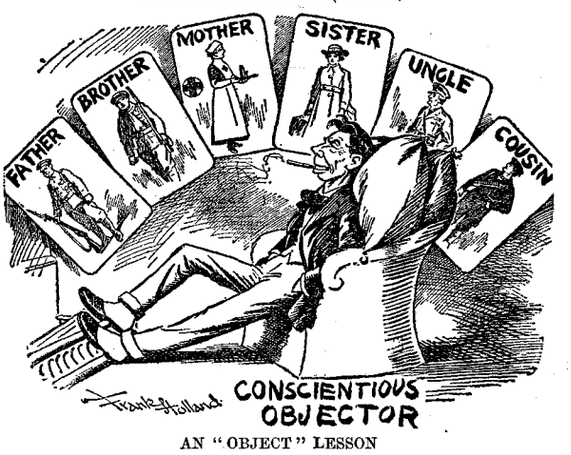
Hermann-Paul in La Victoire (Paris)

DURING THE OFFENSIVE

The prayer before the map of the front

THE FRENCH CHILDREN'S HEARTS ARE ALWAYS WHERE THEIR FATHERS ARE

Holland in John Bull (London)



AN "OBJECT" LESSON

"This little pig stayed at home"

Holland in Reynolds's Newspaper (London)

THE DAUNTLESS THREE

"To face the foe our fathers go,
That Britain may be free!
So who will stand at my right hand,
And keep the books with me?"

Then up spake Gus and Bertie,
"Young Britons bold are we,
And we will stand on either hand,
And keep the books with thee!"

AN ENGLISH CARTOONIST SATIRIZES THE SLACKERS

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great many people in this country as a most serious misfortune. Justly or not, it will have the effect of producing upon the minds of many who are concerned for the protection of the unprivileged the impression that our laws and our Constitution and our courts are somehow hampered by system or a habit of thought or something else that prevents or impedes justice. It seems to be out of accord with the recent tendencies of the decisions of this great Court. In our judgment, this decision will rank with that rendered in the Knight case and in the case of the New York bakeshops as an example of the need for judges who know life. An illustration of this is the phrase in Mr. Justice Day's opinion that this is "a purely local matter." In their effect, at least, the conditions of manufacture caused by child labor are far from local. The State that limits itself by restricting child labor finds itself underbid by a State that does not so limit itself. Therefore the State that exploits its children is benefiting at the expense of the States that do not. The very purpose of the Inter-State Commerce clause in the Constitution was to make it possible for local matters to be readjusted in the National interest.

In this decision, whether they agree with it or not, Americans will, of course, at once acquiesce. It is the law, and to it the Nation must adjust itself. Let us remember, however, that the Supreme Court has reversed itself on more than one occasion, and it is perfectly conceivable that the time may come when another Child Labor Law, framed in somewhat different terms, but putting, like this Child Labor Law, all States on an equality, will receive the sanction of the Supreme Court.

One thing is certain—that no single decision of the Supreme Court will prevent the movement for industrial freedom which has been one of the distinctive characteristics of the past two decades in this country.

"THE AMERICAN RAILROAD EXPRESS COMPANY"

The title above is the name which the "Annalist" (the financial weekly published by the New York "Times") has created for the new Government express company. As everybody knows, the transportation of packages and merchandise for which the ordinary railway freight was too slow has been conducted for years by private express companies. The four great companies doing this business, which in Europe has been largely done by parcel post, and directly by the railways, are the American, the Wells-Fargo, the Southern, and the Adams Express Companies. The Government has announced that on and after July 1 these companies will cease to do business as private corporations. The Government has consolidated them and will operate them as a branch of the Government railways. Offices, wagons, and other equipment will be used in common by all the lines, and the present President of the American Express Company, Mr. George C. Taylor, will be the operating President of the new Federal organization.

The general system of conducting the express business under the new Government merger will be similar to that of the railways. Mr. Taylor will be Director-General McAdoo's first executive officer, and under him will be regional operating officers. The stockholders of the old companies will still retain their holdings, and it is believed that they will obtain a reasonable return on their investments. If under the new system profits should increase, there is an arrangement for a division of the profits between the Government and the stockholders. It is not yet announced what will be the new relation, if any, of the American Railroad Express Company to the parcel post system.

The "Annalist" recalls that Mr. John Wanamaker, when Postmaster-General of the United States, put in epigrammatic form the conflict between the private express system and the parcel post system. "There are four reasons," said Mr. Wanamaker, "why we cannot have a parcel post service in this country. They are the Adams, the American, the United States, and the Wells-Fargo Express Companies." When the parcel post system was put into effect in 1913, it took away what the "Annalist" calls the "unbridled power and amazing prosperity" of the express companies. The present solution of amalgamating all these companies under Government control is unmistakably welcome to the shippers of the country, and is apparently welcome to the investors whose capital has built up the private express companies from very small beginnings into a huge and necessary transportation system.

MEDALS AND PRIZES IN JOURNALISM AND LETTERS

On June 3 the awards of the medals and prizes for preeminence in American journalism and letters during 1917 were announced. These medals and prizes were established by the will of Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York "World" and founder of the Columbia School of Journalism, of which Dr. Talcott Williams is Director.

The gold medal for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during 1917 was awarded to the New York "Times" because it had published intact the official reports, documents, and speeches of various European statesmen in critical times when it was necessary to interpret to America the war aims and the spirit of our allies and our enemies.

A similar medal for the best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being moral purpose, sound reasoning, clearness of style, and power to influence public opinion in the right direction, was awarded to the Louisville "Courier-Journal" for its editorials "Væ Victis" and "War Has Its Compensations." Our readers will not be surprised to learn that these articles were written by the veteran editor of that paper, Henry Watterson.

The prize of $1,000 for the best review of the public service of the American press in 1917 was divided between two members of the outgoing class in the School of Journalism, Miss Minna Lewinson and Henry Beetle Hough.

For the best example of reporter's work during the year, the test being accuracy, terseness, and the accomplishment of some public good, the prize of $1,000 went to Harold A. Littledale, of the New York "Evening Post," for the series of articles published in that paper exposing the abuses in, and leading to the reform of, the New Jersey State Prison system. We learn that Mr. Littledale is now fighting in Flanders. He recently distinguished himself by sticking to his tank until the Germans were within forty yards, and then blowing it up.

For the best history of the United States published during the year, the prize of $2,000 was awarded to James Ford Rhodes for his "History of the Civil War."

For the biography which best sets forth patriotic and unselfish service published during 1917 the prize of $1,000 went to William Cabell Bruce, the author of "Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed."

For the American novel published during the year which best depicts the atmosphere of American life the prize of $1,000 went to Ernest Poole for the novel "His Family."

Similarly, the prize of $1,000 for an original American play performed during 1917 in New York City which best represents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners went to Jesse Lynch Williams, the author of "Why Marry?"

A PERSONAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Theodore H. Price, who for several years has been a valued and regular contributor to The Outlook on financial and economic matters, has been appointed Actuary of the Federal Railroad Administration under Secretary McAdoo, Director-General of Railroads. As our readers know, Mr. Price is the founder, editor, and publisher of "Commerce and Finance," a financial and economic weekly of New York City. He has resigned the editorship and turned the paper over to be conducted by his associate, Mr. Richard Spillane, who has also been a contributor to The Outlook. At this writing we are not sure whether Mr. Price's Government activities will prevent his continuing his special work for The Outlook, but we hope that we shall get at least some first-hand comment on railway and affiliated subjects. The term "actuary of a railroad" is somewhat new. It is defined by Director-General McAdoo as follows:

> His [the Actuary's] duties will be to compile and analyze statistics and make reports concerning the various economic

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problems connected with the functions of the railroad administration.

Mr. Price's appointment is an indication of the thoroughgoing manner in which the Government is proposing to reorganize and conduct our railways and transportation during the war emergency.

A PATRIOTIC USE FOR GUIDE-BOOKS

A reader of The Outlook, who in years past has done much traveling in Europe and accumulated a large number of guide-books, those made famous by Baedeker as well as others, informs us that it occurred to him that these guide-books might be useful to our armies on the western front in France. He therefore sent them to the War Department, and received the following letter from an officer of the General Staff:

> Permit me to thank you for the trouble you have taken for the War Department in sending to us guide-books containing maps of territory now occupied by the German forces. These maps will be used to the best possible advantage, and your generous action is highly appreciated.
>
> If you should know of the existence of material of a similar nature, I would be glad if you would notify the possessors of our desire to obtain such data, or if you advise me as to such persons we will write to them direct.

There must be many readers of The Outlook who have such guide-books, with maps, describing Belgian, German, and French territory. We suggest that they send such guide-books to Colonel A. B. Coxe, the Office of the Chief of Staff, 1156 Fifteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE WHEAT AND FLOUR SITUATION

In rejoinder to recent press despatches, widely circulated throughout the country, which have given the impression that there is no longer need for rigorous saving of wheat and flour, the Food Administration promptly declares that every aspect of the situation intensifies the need for limitation in consumption. If present restriction should be relaxed in the slightest degree, it asserts, serious want for the people of Europe would result before the new crop can reach the market.

On June 1, according to the Food Administration's estimate, the total available supply was about 56,000,000 bushels. Of this amount, if we are to maintain the absolutely necessary shipments to our Army and to our allies, no less than 30,000,000 bushels must be sent abroad before new wheat is available for export.

This would leave about 26,000,000 bushels for domestic consumption during June and July. As our normal consumption for a two months' period is about 80,000,000 bushels, it will be readily seen that our consumption should be about a third of the normal.

THE DETROIT CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

More than once The Outlook has called attention to the desirability of making museums of art and other museums more accessible to children—indeed, to the desirability of having separate children's museums.

One such was established last year in Detroit. As is well known, the Detroit Museum of Art is a foremost institution of its kind. Up to last December, however, pupils of the public schools had enjoyed little acquaintance with it. Since then, however, circumstances have changed. In its basement a Children's Museum was established and has had success enough to call for additional quarters.

Here are installed exhibits of especial appeal to children—an Eskimo group, for example, similar to the one executed by Mr. Dwight Franklin at the Brooklyn Museum, to which The Outlook recently referred, showing in miniature the problems of transportation in the North, together with a view of costumes, customs, and native implements. Then there are the exhibits of the materials used in various manufactures, spinning and weaving, for instance; there are jennies for spinning cotton, wool, silk, showing the methods from those used by our grandmothers in making cloth to those of our own time. As a reminder of present necessity there are also the socks and sweaters, wristlets and caps, used by our men "over there." Then there are the seasonal exhibits. In a large case, for instance, are the winter birds and migrants found in the neighborhood of Detroit. At this case a child (or an adult, for this bird display has attracted as many adults as children) may become familiar with the different species thereabouts. Another exhibit is that of fur-bearing animals indigenous to the Detroit latitude; this gives an opportunity for getting acquainted with specimens of which the usual city child knows practically nothing. Moreover, each month there are on exhibition models of the birds found around Detroit during that month.

What seems to us the most marked feature of the Detroit Children's Museum, however, is its Loan Department. This is a result of an arrangement between the Superintendent of Schools and the Director of the Museum. Suppose the pupils of a certain room in a public school are studying about cotton. In order to show the various stages in transforming cotton bolls into cotton fabric the teacher asks for a "display" from the Children's Museum. The various objects are packed, sent out to the school, and set up in the class-room. If the pupil actually handles a cotton boll and a bit of cloth, he understands the transformation wrought.

At the end of the period for which the exhibition has been requisitioned it is returned and is ready to continue its farther journeyings. In this manner bird and animal life, coal, copper, iron, and other minerals and other objects have been handled, and especially the customs, costumes, and characteristics of various countries have been graphically illustrated.

This thoroughgoing venture in Detroit should be widely imitated.

REPRISALS

WHEN a man attributes an evil motive to another, he reveals his own character. His accusation is virtually a confession. What he says amounts to this: I believe you have this unworthy motive because I should have it if I were in your place.

This explains the German atrocities. The Germans believe that by shooting unoffending civilians, by bombing hospitals, by bayoneting babies, by violating women, they can frighten into submission the people whom they are trying to conquer; and the reason they believe it is that they think others have the same traits that they themselves have. They know that they themselves could be terrorized into submission, and therefore they think others can be. A brute may fight bravely, but when pushed to extremity shows that at the bottom of his heart he is a coward.

We must keep this in mind in determining what to do about German atrocities. The Germans themselves have given us the key to their character. They have told us by their atrocities what measures would be effectual against them.

It is hard for us to believe this of anybody; but it has been hard for Americans to believe that anybody was capable of doing what the Germans have done. We are now beginning to believe the incredible. We know, indeed, that the Germans have perpetrated crimes so horrible that their description cannot be printed, and have perpetrated them openly, defiantly, deliberately, boastingly. That these crimes have failed to terrorize such people as the English and the French, that such crimes will fail to terrorize such people as the Americans, makes it hard for us to believe that there are people who could be frightened and intimidated; but by perpetrating these acts the Germans have told the world plainly that they themselves could be intimidated. And, hard as it is, we must again come to believe the incredible.

If the Germans cannot be made to stop their cruelty in any other way—and so far they have not been stopped—they must be frightened into stopping it. This is the justification for reprisals.

That we shrink naturally from undertaking acts of reprisal is no adequate reason for failing to undertake them. We shrank from going to war; but that was a very poor reason for our delay in going to war. Men shrink from exposing themselves to shrapnel and high explosives. Men shrink from the kind of life that the soldiers must lead in the trenches. The very fact, however, that men shrink from doing these things makes it all the

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more honorable for them to do them, providing the acts themselves are justifiable.

Are reprisals justifiable?

The better word for the sort of act popularly called reprisal is retorsion. This is defined by Westlake[1] as follows: "Retorsion in war is the action of a belligerent against whom a law has been broken, and who retorts by breaking the same or some other law in order to compensate himself for the damage which he has suffered, and to deter his enemy from continuing or repeating the offense." Professor Westlake points out that there is an analogy in national law in the principle that if one party to a contract violates it the other party is released.

The reason why retorsion in war is sometimes necessary is very simple. Germany, for example, has broken the laws of nations in bombing undefended English towns. How can she be stopped? England cannot stop her by making war on her, because England is already at war with her. She might try to stop her by persuading a neutral to intercede or to threaten Germany with war if she does not stop breaking international law. For two years and a half America, while a neutral, watched Germany breaking international law right and left, and, though we finally protested in cases where our own interests were involved, we failed to take any real measures to restrain Germany until we entered the war ourselves, avowedly for what Germany had done, not to England, but to us. Now if Germany drops bombs on the civilian population of New York we cannot expect Holland or Switzerland or Spain to do what we failed to do under similar circumstances. There is only one alternative left. The offended nation must take measures to make Germany realize that her violation of the law of nations will bring evil consequences to herself, and that means retorsion. Unless checked by retorsion Germany can continue her atrocities with impunity.

It is generally unavoidable that in retorsion people are made to suffer who had no direct part in perpetrating the original offense. Professor Westlake, however, points out that the justification for this is that "for an individual to suffer by retorsion for the offense of his government implies that for the purposes of war he is held to be identified with his state." In the case of retorsion upon Germany this is doubly justified, because it is one of the cardinal doctrines of Germany that every German subject is merged in the Empire. Germany cannot hold this doctrine for her own benefit and escape having that doctrine applied to her for the purpose of holding her accountable.

We shall not attempt to specify what acts of retorsion should be undertaken to check the atrocities of the Hun; but we venture to indicate certain principles that should govern any retorsion undertaken by America.

First, no act of retorsion should or will be sanctioned by America which would make the agent of it a personal criminal or would violate the absolute prohibitions which must be observed at all costs. What the Germans in Belgium and France and Poland have done to women, for example, not out of passion, but as a measure of frightfulness, demands the sternest retorsion, but by measures which will leave such horrors as one of the Hun's distinctions.

Second, the sole reason why retorsion is ever justifiable is that it is effective. Retorsion for vengeance, for the satisfaction of one's own vindictiveness, as a vent for even just and noble hatred of foul deeds, is of no value. Indeed, it is a detriment to those who undertake it, because it diverts energy which ought to be directed to effectual ends. Retorsion should be confined to acts that will prevent or discourage the enemy from perpetrating his barbarity. The use of men and material for acts of retorsion when such men and material could be more effectually used for the prosecution of military measures is wasteful.

Third, whenever possible, retorsion should be brought home to the perpetrators of the outrages which have been committed, or to those who are in that class of service identified with the outrages in question. Prisoners of war, for example, are ordinarily entitled to their lives upon surrender; but the crews and commanders of submarines have almost uniformly played the part of pirates and have forfeited their right to be regarded when captured as honorable prisoners of war. A justifiable measure of retorsion would be to make sure that no German submarine officer or seaman found and seized should ever be heard of again. The mystery of the disappearance of German submarines and their crews has been reported to cause among German sailors a dread of the submarine service.

Fourth, within such limitations as we have indicated, the particular measures of retorsion should be decided upon, not by public opinion, but by experts who can weigh their relative merits as effectual means of prevention.

[1] "The Collected Papers of John Westlake on Public International Law," edited by L. Oppenheim, Cambridge, England, at the University Press, 1914, p. 259.

PROFITS AND PROFITEERS

Profiteer is a derogatory term applied to one who successfully attempts to take advantage of his country's necessity to make money for himself. It is right and just that as thus understood it should be a term of reproach. The man who is a profiteer must be in these days either grossly ignorant or scoundrelly. By this time there can remain only a very small number of people who are ignorant of the acute necessity under which this country is laboring; and there are never many scoundrels. The profiteers, therefore, must constitute an extremely small, an almost negligible, minority of the people.

There is, however, a considerable and far from negligible number of people who are making profits as a consequence of the war. To call most of these people profiteers is a demoralizing misuse of language. They are making profits because they are producing things or rendering service of special value at this time, and they are receiving the monetary returns that are inevitable at a time when such goods and such service are in demand.

Let us suppose a case in point. A is the owner of a mine from which coal can be obtained at low cost. There is a great demand for coal. For the purposes of manufacturing munitions more coal is needed than the specially productive mines can supply. The price of coal in the market must be increased sufficiently to pay the cost of producing coal from mines where the cost of production is high. A price which will stimulate coal production from unproductive mines will give to A large profits. There is no doubt in the mind of every one who knows him that A is patriotic. He, in fact, offers his services to the Government at a dollar a year and works himself into a wreck for his country's sake; but his profits from his coal mine keep coming to him just the same. It is cruelly unfair to call A a profiteer.

Suppose, instead of a coal mine, it is a commercial or manufacturing business that A owns. It is highly productive, not because of natural advantages, but because of years of highly skilled management on A's part in the past. If there is a great demand for A's product, the price must be enough to make it possible for B and C and D, who are by no means skilled managers, to produce the goods. It is impossible under such circumstances for A not to profit. Yet it would be cruel and stupid to call A a profiteer.

Yet A ought to be taxed heavily, because it is unwholesome for individuals to reap large profits through conditions created by war, and, more particularly, because the simplest and the justest way by which revenue for the purposes of the war can be raised is by taking the surplus from the very industries which war stimulates.

In framing a war revenue bill the object should not be the punishment of profiteers; much less should it be the punishment of those who, without being profiteers, have by fortune or skill the goods or the service that commands high returns. The object of a war revenue bill should be to lay the burden of financing the war chiefly upon those industries which the war itself has enabled to bear those burdens. To put it tersely, it should be to make the war as far as possible pay for itself. War is productive as well as destructive. It drives men into efficiency. It should be required to pay for what it destroys out of what it makes. A war revenue bill drafted on this principle will not try to look into the motives of men, but will, whatever their motive, approximately equalize the returns from war business. A war revenue bill thus drafted will very largely obviate the necessity for fixing prices, for it will allow sufficiently high prices to enable industry to produce what is

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needed and at the same time make the raising of prices too high unprofitable.

The character and form of a tax bill will be largely determined by the spirit in which it is drawn. It is the business of the leaders in Congress to see that the spirit in which they draw up the forthcoming Revenue Bill, which will supply a large part of the money for our second year of the war, is the spirit, not of punishment, but of justice and good sense.

A KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

The Happy Eremite read the letter and read it again, stirred by its quiet acceptance of responsibility.

"We are particularly fortunate, we think," the letter ran, "to have all the members of our family united in being loyal Americans. Alfred expects to go to France shortly as a surgeon, Helen left with a hospital unit last week, and Hans is sending all superfluities to me from Camp McClellan, which indicates the early departure of his regiment. Harry belongs to the Public Service Reserve and has also volunteered for five other positions, so you see we are right in it. I am doing all my own work and practically earning the money for Liberty Bonds, Red Cross, etc. Knitting fills up spare moments."

He folded the letter, feeling huge respect for the woman who had written it.

For she was what is known as a German-American.

There could be no mistake about the classification. Her father and mother had been married in a little Saxon town at a time when all Saxon towns, small and great, were slumbering in the drowsy dusk of political reaction in the middle forties; she herself had been born there, coming to America and to Grand Street—quite gorgeous in those days—to live in a little Germany created by her father's vigorous "*Hier wird deutsch gesprochen.*" She had run as a child and as a girl with German boys and girls; she had married a Saxon more completely German even than herself; she had belonged to German singing clubs and German sewing societies; her children had grown up, as it seemed, in a German world.

And now here she was, moving toward seventy, giving the work of her hands, the flesh of her flesh, and the blood of her blood for the downfall of a German conqueror.

For it happened that her father had been one of those in the little Saxon town whom the flame of democracy had kindled. He had been a Forty-eighter. He had seen a great light, and she had kept it burning.

The Happy Eremite remembered the cheerful friendliness of her home when he had run in and out of it as a boy, the simplicity of it, the democracy of it; with all the German customs and the German speech, the plain Americanism of it; the ignoring of caste, the emphasis on simple human worth.

And then he remembered another house where counts and barons had come to eat and drink and tell extraordinarily interesting tales of travel here and adventure there. The master of this other house had been a stalwart part of the later outpouring from Germany that followed hard times in the early eighties. No tyrant's lifted gun butt had driven him forth. He had come, a half-unwilling seeker of fortune in alien lands, dazzled by the splendor of the New World, yet always conscious of the glorious, the tender, the romantic memories of the Old.

To the Forty-eighter America had been the Promised Land where the milk and honey of liberty were not wanting; to the other it had always been half a place of exile, to be left behind again on some not impossible golden day.

The Happy Eremite had loved this other house also. He had liked the counts and barons with their brilliant talk, though he had wondered a little why, when the master of the house grew prosperous, he should spend his summers always at German watering-places to revel in German beauty with German generals and German *Geheimräte*.

The daughter of the Forty-eighter never thought of spending her summers in Germany. She just went to the seashore or the mountains like an ordinary citizen, rocked on hotel piazzas with her kind, and went driving in four-seated mountain wagons on dusty roads to get the view through the Kaaterskill Clove.

Her father and mother had come for liberty. The master of the other house had come to seek his fortune. Her thoughts, when they went back, went back to bondage and oppression; his thoughts, when they went back, went back to an imaginary blessedness from which only the lack of a few dollars was excluding him.

And the war, mused the Happy Eremite, had like a bolt from heaven split open and revealed the heart of each. To one it brought only misery and resentment and bitterness, for his eyes had been fixed so steadfastly on the treasures of the old home that he had never thought to seek after the peculiar treasures of the new. But to the other it brought exaltation and the passionate longing to give.

"Of such as you, dear lady," murmured the Happy Eremite, "the foundations of America are made. And the blood in the veins is neither here nor there. The vision is all."

HELP FOR RUSSIA

Should we help Russia? Can we help Russia? In what way may we help Russia? These questions continue to grow in importance. The President, in his recent speech in New York, expressed his belief that we should help Russia and avowed his intention to carry out that purpose. He did not at that time intimate what course was the right one to pursue; but there have been indications that the Administration is weighing the question carefully and intimations that it is inclined to waive its former attitude of opposition to any course of action in Siberia involving Japan so far as that feeling might interfere with the adoption by the United States of practical measures of relief.

Sympathy for Russia's dreadful fate and hope and faith in a future Russia which shall be democratic in the true sense are universal in America. Assuredly, in the forward march of civilization Russia is bound in time to become a strong democracy. The Russian people in large numbers, probably in an actual majority, know that the rule of the Bolsheviki is not an extension of democracy, but a class absolutism which is at the same time weak and cruel.

But it is not enough to hope and believe in the future. What material aid can we give Russia now? The first reply is that the way to help Russia is to beat Germany. To-day Russia is under German bonds. Vast and valuable parts of Russia are under actual German control and subject to German demands. These divisions, such as the Ukraine and Finland, are even more vassals of Germany to-day than are Austria and Turkey. What Germany wills in these countries must be done. The rest of western Russia is nominally under Bolshevik rule. Practically, Germany is in a position to enforce any demand she may make. It would be exceedingly difficult for the United States to send soldiers, munitions, provisions, or money to Russia by any avenue of approach through Russia's northern or western or southern borders. These avenues are closed and marked "*Verboten.*"

The only other way of approach is from the east. Japan must inevitably take a large part in any such action. Japan has the men, the ships, and the financial means, and Japan is near by. But Japan does not desire to act alone. She has said officially that she would act only with the consent and aid of her allies. The one course open to aid Russia and balk Germany is for the Allies to combine whole-heartedly in such a movement. It is quite possible for us to send a small army to the Siberian coast of the Pacific from our western coast. To this might be added British forces (a small British force is already in Vladivostok), possibly also some French and Italian forces. The combined army might be increased by a force not inconsiderable in number by gathering together from the East the Russians hunted out of their own country by the Bolsheviki, while in America itself there are thousands of Poles, Russians, and other Slavs who might be recruited in a separate body. Thus a joint expeditionary army might be formed in which the Japanese soldiers would be in the majority, but which would have for its purpose the protection of Russia, the encouragement of those hundreds of thousands of Russians in the eastern part of the Empire who are bitterly opposed to Bolshevist rule, and, as a secondary motive, the annoyance of Germany in the rear of its present military activities. This army might before long become the

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nucleus of a great revivified Russian army. This plan is believed by many students of the situation to be sound in principle and practical in detail. It cannot be carried out without the approval and active co-operation of the United States. If there is any better plan for getting material and military aid to Russia, it remains to be put forward.

The interviews lately obtained by Mr. Gregory Mason, staff correspondent of The Outlook, with Count Terauchi, the Prime Minister of Japan, and Baron Goto, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Japan (the latter appears in this issue of The Outlook), throw a strong light on Japan's ideas on this great question. Thus Baron Goto says: "Japan cannot tolerate a Bolshevik Government. The disruptive propaganda and disorderly acts of the Bolsheviki menace even our own nation. . . . Japan is eager to lend strong support to a buffer Russian state between herself and Germany." Count Terauchi, in the interview with Mr. Mason, declared that "Japan's relations with the Entente Allies will continue unaltered after the present war." He also declared that in any movement in Siberia Japan would want co-operative action. Since these interviews were had, and, indeed, only a few days ago, despatches to London papers quote Count Terauchi as saying, "Such a contingency as a German-Japanese alliance is impossible;" and that "Japan's future is just as dependent upon the victory of the Entente as is Great Britain's future." Baron Goto is reported as expressing the opinion that such an expedition as we have just described would eventually detract from Germany's strength in the west. Certainly this would be the case if, as many hold, the expedition should occupy the Trans-Baikal and there aid the liberal Russians to gather a force to fight any opposition that should confront them either from the Bolsheviki or from Germany. Eastern Siberia itself also must be guarded and saved from the baneful German control which will surely threaten it if measures are not taken in advance.

If there remains yet in this country any feeling that Russia as a nation can be helped by aiding the Bolsheviki, it is a mistaken belief based on a total misconception of the political nature of Bolshevik rule. Careless thinkers who believe that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy have wrongly regarded Bolshevism as an extension of democracy. It is just the reverse. The Bolsheviki are not the exponents of a new, peculiarly Russian, type of democracy. They would bring about—and have already brought about—class war and despotism by the proletariat. The rule of the unfit—the domination of all other classes by the class that is least enlightened—is not democracy. It is not even Socialism. It is class tyranny of the worst conceivable sort, and so long as it prevails there is no hope for Russia.

This is true whether we regard the leaders of the Bolsheviki as conscious agents of the German autocracy or not. There is evidence that some of them have received pay from the Imperial German Government. For example, there was published in the "Petit Parisien" last February the following document. Inasmuch as that journal is the organ of M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister of France, the document may be accepted as authentic:

Order of March 2, 1917.

The Imperial Bank to all representatives of German banks in Switzerland:

By the present we inform you that demands for money for pacifist propaganda in Russia are about to be made from that country via Finland. Their demands will be made by the following persons: Lenin, Zinovioff, Kamenoff, Trotsky, Sumenson, Koslovsky, Kolontai, Sivers, Mereain, whose accounts have been opened by our Order No. 2754, in the agencies of the private German banking establishments in Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland.

All these demands must be confirmed by one of the two signatures: Dirschau or Wolkenburg. At sight of these authorized signatures the demands of the above-mentioned propagandists in Russia will be considered as regular and immediately executed.

No. 7433, Imperial Bank.

Aside, however, from any such evidence, the Bolsheviki have, by their course, proved themselves the enemies of popular liberty.

When, before the French Revolution, the nobles tried to disperse the States-General, it was not because the members of that assembly who represented the people were improperly chosen; it was because the nobles feared any representation of the people. When, likewise, the Russian Soviets threw the first and only legal national Constituent Assembly out of doors, it was not because its delegates were not fairly elected; if it had been, the Soviets would have proceeded to institute new elections for delegates. It was because the Bolsheviki and their tools had a minority of the delegates in the Assembly. The Bolsheviki, in short, insisted that, not the majority, but the minority, should rule. Lenine, Trotsky, and the other prophets of the new philosophy hate the *bourgeoisie* worse than they do the capitalists; they even call a peasant who owns a bit of land a *bourgeois*. Lenine declared, not merely that the proletariat should rule, but that no one outside the proletariat should have anything to do with the Government or be allowed a seat in the Constituent Assembly. All this is as far as the North Pole from the South Pole from anything resembling democracy; it is purely and simply despotism by a single class.

It is to rid Russia of this despotism and to help put her on the road toward democracy that America's help is sorely needed.

OUR YOUNG PETER

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONLY a few months ago I saw him—young Peter, the shipping clerk in our concern, a stalwart lad of twenty-four, eager to get into the great war. He came over to my desk to say good-by to me, no longer in the dirty little apron he wore when he worked out in the shipping-room, but clean and well set up in his khaki, a lieutenant now in the Army of the United States of America.

How good it was to see him, after his training-camp life, the fire of patriotism in his eyes, a flame in his heart, and something undreamed of before in his soul! And to think that our young Peter was going away to fight for us—one of the millions to serve Freedom! How strange life is, since this boy who had known only shipping receipts, tags, figures, and horse-play was now going forth with a musket in his hand instead of a pen! And to France! It seemed incredible. I shall never forget how proud we were of our Peter as he marched out of the office. Some of the girls cried as they watched his broad back and his manly, fearless stride. I confess that I choked, and perhaps I preferred just then to turn and look out of the window.

That was only three months ago. And to-day a letter has come from him—in No Man's Land. Our Peter, our young Peter! He is in that country of barbed wire and bombshells. He is in the trenches. And he has not had his boots off, he writes, sometimes for a whole week; and when he sleeps the rats race over him. But he is not afraid. He will give the *Boche* a run for his money! He will help to make this world a better place to live in. He will do his bit for democracy and truth. Oh, so modestly he writes down the words! There is seemingly no comprehension on his part of the big work he is doing. He merely alludes to it because he knows how interested we are in him—our Peter. Now and then there is a simple French word. Think of our Peter speaking—and writing—French! Peter, who hardly got through the grammar school, and read only the baseball reports, and loved Briggs and Goldberg, and went to the movies with his best girl or his mother of an evening!

I think of modest Peter so often now. And yesterday, when I went out to my comfortable luncheon, in good company, and the tea dripped into the saucer so that I complained to the head waiter, I suddenly had a vision of him—in No Man's Land, with the rats racing over him while he lay worn out after days and nights in the foul trenches. And I was ashamed of myself, and wondered if I could ever complain again. For what matters anything in these desperate days to me—save our young Peter out in No Man's Land?

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SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' INSURANCE

EVERY one wants to see our soldiers and sailors financially free from care as to their own future and that of those dependent on them. Last autumn the Administration devised a clever insurance plan to this end and Congress passed the necessary legislation. The Administration thought that perhaps twenty-five per cent of our soldiers and sailors might be induced to take out insurance, but no one in the Administration or in any other set of men dreamed that ninety-five per cent would. And yet such is the fact.

To operate a plan for any large Governmental endeavor a bureau is generally established. This might seem a fairly easy thing to do. But it is not. That is, not now. First of all, it is difficult to get office space. In the case of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, which administers the Government insurance for its soldiers and sailors, an old hospital in Washington was first used as its headquarters, the Bureau of course having no building of its own. Then, as it grew, the Bureau used the lower floor of the National Museum, and then a dance hall above a market.

In the next place, no one knows in these times just how rapidly the personnel of a bureau may grow. Few supposed last autumn that this spring some thirty-five hundred persons would now compose the Bureau force. Yet so it is. There is an enormous amount of detail to attend to, and an enormous amount of clerical help is consequently necessary.

There is some detail which the ordinary man in the street could hardly appreciate unless told about it. Just to keep track of all the enlisted men who bear the name of Smith takes a good-sized squad of filing experts. They are armed with 110 card-index trays, for much more than a hundred thousand Smiths are listed. There are, for example, 1,060 John Smiths, about 200 John A. Smiths, 1,560 William Smiths, and some 200 William H. Smiths. Take Brown, for instance. There are over 1,000 John Browns alone. Take such names as Miller or Wilson; there are about fifteen thousand of each.

When something happens to some one, it is not always easy to trace it unless explicit and complete information has been given concerning each name. For example, a case arose with regard to John J. O'Brien. On consulting the index, there appeared no less than 262 John J. O'Briens—and with more or less inadequate information. Help was discerned when it was discovered that this particular John J. O'Brien's wife's name was Mary. But, on consulting the index again, it was discovered that out of the 262 John J. O'Briens fifty of them had wives with the name Mary.

Among letters received by the Bureau was one which said: "Please tell me if Mr. John Smith has put in application for a wife and three children." Another was: "Child born Elizabeth wants allowance."

More than 1,100,000 letters had been received in five months, and there is now a daily average of 11,000 letters, taking a force of more than one hundred women to sort and distribute. It has been necessary to establish a school within the Bureau for training letter writers under a group of experts and supervisors.

The first name in the catalogue, one may not be surprised to note, is Aab. He is closely pressed by one Aabel. The last name is Zyny. We could hardly get farther down the list than that.

ALLOTMENTS AND ALLOWANCES

There are more than two million cards in the allotment and allowance files of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. What do we mean by allotments? Involuntary allotments are assignments of pay which the soldier or sailor is obliged to make to wife or children dependent upon him. Allotments to any other person are voluntary. The allotment cannot be more than half the man's pay, but it must not be less than $15 a month. If the man has no close dependents, he may, if he chooses, allot any portion of his pay to certain others.

Again, so that the soldier or sailor may not come back to civil life penniless, the Government may require him to deposit half his pay. For this deposit the men receive 4 per cent interest. This provision is subject to the regulations of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and their regulations doubtless will be sufficiently elastic to deal mercifully with men in debt.

What do we mean by allowances? Thay are payments from the Government not from the soldier's pay. Their amount depends on the number in the man's family and their relationship. These so-called family allowances, not to exceed $50 a month, are to be paid during the period from enlistment to death or discharge, if the soldier or sailor applies for such benefits for his dependent family. For example, suppose the soldier or sailor has a wife but no child, the allowance is $15 a month. Suppose he has a wife and one child, the allowance is $25; a wife and two children, $32.50, with $5 a month for each additional child; these allowances to dependents to be paid only during the period of compulsory allotment.

Since the 20th of last December the Bureau has mailed more than 2,380,000 checks for allowances and allotments to the families of soldiers and sailors, representing an aggregate disbursement of about $74,000,000. Checks are now being sent out at the rate of 700,000 a month. The difficulties in connection with issuing these checks promptly may be gathered from the fact that approximately 200,000 changes every month in the amount of allowances and allotments must be noted on account of the promotion or reduction in rank of the soldier, change in the personnel of families, and other causes.

The department of allotments and allowances constitutes the first general domain in the War Risk Insurance Bureau's purview. There are two others: first, life insurance, properly so called—that is to say, the provisions for the families or dependents of soldiers and sailors who die in the service; and, finally, disability insurance.

LIFE INSURANCE

To go into these departments a little in detail, suppose in the first there is the case of a man in the service, no matter whether an officer or a private, who dies, leaving a widow. She receives $25 a month. A widow and one child receive $35 a month; a widow and two children, $47.50 a month. Suppose there is no widow, but that there is one child dependent; the compensation is $20 a month. Suppose there is a widowed mother only; the compensation is $20 a month. The maximum monthly compensation is $75.

Any soldier or sailor, if he applies within one hundred and twenty days after enlistment or after entering active service, or if in service already, after the passage of the Insurance Act, may take out a policy as high as $10,000. In many of the units of the various camps every man has contracted for the full $10,000. The Government has provided that these policies shall be payable only in installments.

DISABILITY INSURANCE

There remains the department of disability insurance. In case of total disability resulting from an injury or disease contracted in our active service, the sufferer receives a $30 monthly pension. If he has a wife and no children, the amount is raised to $45 a month, and is further increased according to the number of his dependents. If he needs a nurse, an additional sum, not over $20 a month, may be added. If he is permanently bedridden, or if he has lost both hands, both feet, or both eyes, his pension is $100 a month without any additional allowance for an attendant. Let us suppose that the soldier or sailor has taken out a $10,000 policy; he gets $58.50 a month as long as he lives; if he dies within twenty years, the balance of payments may be paid to his dependents.

So much for total disability. Partial disability—that is, for instance, the loss of an arm, a leg, an eye, hearing, or cases of chronic rheumatism or bronchitis—is provided for in proportion to the sufferer's earning capacity. Moreover, he is not only entitled, he is required, to have, without charge, the Government's medical hospital and surgical service, and such supplies as may be needed—artificial limbs and trusses, for instance.

In both total and partial disability cases, no compensation will be paid for injury or disease caused by the sufferer's willful misconduct. This of course clears the Government from any

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possible charge of the slightest responsibility for the misconduct of any man in the service.

CURIOUS CONDITIONS

These provisions form the most comprehensive measure of insurance protection ever offered to fighting men. To our own men there is thus afforded a proportionate consolation and courage not otherwise obtainable.

Yet the operation of these provisions has already brought to light some curious and sometimes poignant conditions.

For example, a number of men have actually remonstrated against making an allotment to their wives. In a great many of these cases, however, it is probable that the wives can get along themselves.

Again, by voluntary allotment a man could provide for his widowed mother under the automatic insurance which has now terminated. But suppose she is no longer a widow and is married again, but has been deserted; she might need her son's support more than ever. She could not get it. There are many cases of dependent mothers not widows and disabled fathers dependent on their sons. A bill in Congress is proposed to remedy this injustice.

THE COST

Many ask: What is all this Government War Risk Insurance scheme going to cost?

The cost has been estimated at some $700,000,000 during the first two years of its operation. While we may remember that any estimate is based on conditions which may change, we must surely remember, as Mr. Arthur Hunter, of the New York Life Insurance Company and President of the Actuarial Society of America, has said, that no cost is unfair or excessive which does justice to the men themselves and to their dependents.

QUALITY REQUIRED IN BUREAU WORKERS

To administer all these provisions of War Risk Insurance a force of Bureau workers is required, not only, as we have seen, remarkable for quantity, but necessarily remarkable for quality. It is not easy to get the right kind of workers for the War Risk Insurance Bureau. That it has found them is certainly a feather in the cap of the Treasury Department. The type of man required is admirably shown in the following letter from the Director of the Bureau:

To my Friends:

Co-Workers in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance:

Every letter, every claim, every inquiry handled in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance represents a vital human problem, and should be treated by you as such. Delay, inefficiency, or indifference on your part in handling any one of these important matters may result in anguish and privation to the wife, mother, or children of a soldier or sailor.

All America's fighting forces and their families depend upon this Bureau of the Treasury Department to carry out the provisions of the most comprehensive, the most humane, and the most liberal measure of protection ever adopted by any nation. If you regard any work before you as merely "another case," or any application, card, or inquiry as merely "a piece of paper," you are undermining the spirit and purpose of this great act, retarding the war efficiency of your Government, and bringing untold hardships upon many people.

The work on your desk is far more than ordinary office routine—it is a throbbing, live reality. Put your whole hearts and souls into the duties to which you have been assigned, and think of yourselves as being arrayed in the great war, side by side with the fighting men in the trenches of France.

I am relying on each one of you for co-operative assistance.

WILLIAM C. DE LANOY, Director.

SHYSTER LAWYERS

There is one person, however, whom we have not yet considered—that human parasite, the shyster lawyer and claim agent. Take the recent Tuscania disaster as a case in point. Relatives of persons on the Tuscania whose lives were saved were put to the torture of being notified that their relatives and next of kin were lost. Indeed, so keen for business have been the claim agents that they have not hesitated to notify the next of kin of the loss of an entire ship-load when half the number have been saved. Why should these leeches longer be permitted to sap the blood of anxious but unsuspecting people?

In the War Risk Insurance scheme there are just two places where claim agents and attorneys are recognized. During the recent discussion of the subject in the House of Representatives Mr. Treadway, of Massachusetts, a leader in insurance reform, clearly pointed them out. One is in the preparation and execution of the necessary papers, for which not over $3 is to be charged for the purely clerical service. The other is in connection with a possible lawsuit, in which the attorney's fees are not to exceed ten per cent of the amount recovered. Any person who shall solicit or receive anything more shall be punished by a fine of not over $500 or by imprisonment at hard labor for not more than two years, or by both. On May 10, 1918, the Senate passed unamended the House bill providing for this.

In the collection of any benefits granted by the War Risk Insurance Act there is no necessity for the employment of any claim agent or attorney. The process of such collection is simple and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is prepared to give any and all assistance required; in fact, on the back of each certificate issued for the insurance the beneficiaries are advised not to employ claim agents or lawyers, and are requested to come direct to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the only expense being for notarial fees.

The American Bar Association, we are glad to add, proposes to co-operate with the Treasury Department in keeping a sharp eye out to detect any claim agent, attorney, or other person who violates the law. The name of any such should be sent to the American Bar Association, 1712 I Street, Washington. In every district there is a Local Advisory Board, whose duties have been to help registrants in filling out their questionnaires. The American Bar Association is communicating with the Chairmen of these Legal Advisory Boards, requesting them to organize the lawyers within their districts to render service *free of charge* to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who have claims under the War Insurance Act. As Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, says: "A great service can be rendered by making these facts clear to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who are being approached by unscrupulous persons."

Patriotic service is being rendered not only by our men abroad in the trenches, but also by men at home who are serving gratis claimants under the Insurance Law.

THE TOCSIN

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

FROM a night of calm security I rose, as did thousands about me, to the day's work.

But before I could leave my room the steam whistles of all the great industries in the great city and of all the steamcraft in its great harbor began to blow; to bellow and scream and roar and wail in unnumbered voices that presently fused into one and rolled down through hundreds of miles of streets into the open country and out to sea.

I wondered but a moment, and then I knew. I knew the same uproar was sounding in every ear from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Niagara to the Gulf, and that it proclaimed the first rounded twelvemonth of our Nation's share in the war for civilization. I knew it was our notice to the round world that all we have done in this thrice-busiest year of our Nation's life is but a beginning of what we shall do. It was Paul Jones's cry from the deck of the blazing Bonhomme Richard, magnified by steam and a million trumpets of brass—"We've just begun to fight!" Wild, discordant, terrible it was—it is, for it will ring in my ears henceforth—our tocsin! the tocsin of a hundred million people speaking one wrath and one purpose. It was, it is, our answer to the great gun in the wood of St. Gobain, shelling the churches of Paris on Good Friday. It stoops to no further mockery of argument or negotiation, yet says as definitely as human voice ever spoke, "In the name of God and humanity, and of a just and permanent peace to a free world,

No treaties made this side the Rhine."

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AIRCRAFT: A RECORD OF SUCCESS AND FAILURE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

In the course of an inquiry on behalf of the Kansas City "Star," of which he is Associate Editor, Mr. Henry J. Haskell obtained information and reached conclusions which he put into a series of articles for his own paper, and which he brings together here for the benefit of the readers of The Outlook. For a dozen years Mr. Haskell has been a valued correspondent of The Outlook. His good sense, his ability as an observer, his judicial qualities in discriminating between the unimportant and the important, and his skill in writing clearly make him exceptionally well qualified to treat of a subject, like aircraft production, which is essentially complicated and yet is one in which public opinion should be informed and to which public interest is properly directed. On one aspect of this subject editorial comment is printed in another place.—THE EDITORS.

"WE brought out the fat lady and introduced her to the audience, and she wasn't as fat as her pictures on the billboards, and the audience was disappointed." That is the aircraft situation as it was summed up by a man who has been connected with it from the beginning. It probably isn't so far wrong. If America had made the most elementary preparations in developing an aircraft industry before the war—preparations it is almost incredible we failed to make—the story would have been very different. But given the situation that actually existed and it is hard to escape the conclusion that, in spite of undoubted blunders, the men in charge have done a notable piece of work. Avoidable delays there were—delays arising chiefly from the defects of an inexperienced and rapidly expanding organization. The programme was foolishly over-advertised. Promises were made that could not be fulfilled, and the public was stupidly kept in the dark when the delays and disappointments came. But a survey of the available evidence gives reasonable ground for belief that the essential policies were correct.

It may be frankly admitted that men of the highest standing hold views directly contrary to those here expressed. There is no such thing as a "consensus of opinion." Reputable engineers remain who still insist that the Liberty motor is a failure and that the whole policy has been bungled. The greatest confusion exists. Is magneto ignition preferable to the battery type? Is the angle between the twin sets of cylinders adopted for the Liberty motor hopelessly faulty? Is its radiation problem solved? Is the motor really practical or is it still in the experimental stage? To these questions the most diverse answers are given by highly respectable persons.

In view of all these contradictions, it behooves the investigator to walk humbly. The best he can do is to size up his sources of information, check them against each other and against the known facts, and make allowance for the personal equation. It would be well for the reader to bear in mind that every statement to be made in this article will be challenged. These contrary opinions, however, have been given careful consideration in arriving at the views here set forth.

Let us start with the theory of the most reasonable of the critics, disregarding the wild charges of sinister influences and leaving the accusations of graft to the Hughes investigation. That theory runs about as follows: Admitting the honesty and good intentions of Mr. Howard E. Coffin, Colonel A. E. Deeds, and the others responsible for the programme, they committed fatal errors in policy. They put all their eggs in one basket and staked everything on an American-made motor. This motor proved a disappointment, or at least could not be developed in time for this year's programme. Consequently the country was left with no fighting planes. What the Aircraft Board should have done was this: It probably was justified in attempting to develop an American motor, but while working on this motor it should immediately have put into production in this country the best foreign motors. Then we should have had airplanes, even though the American motor had been a disappointment.

This argument, apparently, is unanswerable. Yet it leaves so many essential considerations out of the account that it is misleading. This is what happened: A survey of the field at the beginning of the war disclosed the existence of a trifling aircraft industry in this country, with very few aeronautical engineers. (There was a flock of men who thought they were, but were not.) The airplane motor is radically different from the automobile engine. It is as delicate as a watch. The French mission last year inclined to believe that America did not have the skilled workmen to build aviation motors and would have to confine itself to rough training planes. The foreign motors were all hand-work jobs and were not available for quantity production. That was one reason why relatively few had been accumulated on the western front. The cry constantly went up for more of the heavier bombing planes. The French and English were in shape to take care of the light pursuit planes with the smaller motors. They agreed with us that it would be worth while if we could design a powerful American motor for quantity production, suitable for bombing planes. To whom should the Board turn to design such a motor? The automobile industry had absorbed a large share of the engineering and business energy of the country in the last few years. It had been brilliantly successful. Naturally this industry was the one in which the Board put its main reliance. Two engineers were selected to design the motor, the one primarily an automobile engineer, the other an aviation engineer who had designed successful motors for the Dutch Government. They were asked to design a motor on approved lines (resisting the temptation to freak designs) that would develop 335 horse-power with a weight of about two pounds to the horse-power. Later the power was raised to 400. This was a higher efficiency than the British Rolls-Royce or the German Mercedes. It was not quite the efficiency of the Hispano-Suiza, a crack French motor of 150 horse-power, which, however, is difficult to build. After the design had been completed several leading gas-motor engineers were called in to study the design and suggest improvements.

There have been heartburnings on the part of neglected engineers, but there seems little reason to suppose that the best engineering ability in the country was not employed on the work. The suggestions of these men were incorporated in the design, and then a committee of manufacturers was called in to make suggestions from the production standpoint. Then an experimental motor was built and finally brought up to about 400 horse-power at 1,700 revolutions a minute. Difficulties developed, as is always the case with a new motor. There was trouble with lubrication. Certain parts had to be redesigned. There were features that could not be worked out on the block, but had to wait to be tried out in flight in high altitudes. Gradually the difficulties were remedied and the motor was ready for quantity production in the late winter. Further refinements and improvements were made and will be made. But the motor in its present shape is an unqualified success. It has been put through the severest tests in the air at high altitudes and on the block. It has been run to destruction. The figures have not been given out, but the results have been so satisfactory that the engineers have no misgivings. The motor is now in use abroad and the original plane to be equipped with it in Dayton last October is still flying. By the middle of May production had passed the thousand mark. Two factories were then producing and others were expected to get into production in June. By July the production should reach one hundred and fifty a day—which is cutting in two the manufacturers' estimates. When it is recalled that the British official statement last year said that it took at least a year to get an air-engine into production, it is evident that the production of the Liberty motor in six months was an achievement.

But the Aircraft Board did not put all its eggs in one basket. It took into account the possible delay or failure of the American motor, and made provision against it. First, it must be understood that it is impossible to bring a foreign motor to this country and copy it. Certain changes must be made in it to adapt it to American methods of production. Also, even if the copy were made exact to the thousandth of an inch, the motor would not work successfully. The trouble is in the structure of

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the metal. The Wrights, the inventors of the airplane, were the first to discover this fact. They took their motor to Europe several years ago and attempted to get it reproduced in the finest machine shop in Paris. The reproduction was perfect, but the motor refused to perform. It required months of work to get it into operation. Metals with the same constituents, apparently identical under chemical analysis, have such different structures that their expansion varies greatly. In cylinders and pistons of delicate engines this is a vital matter. Three French motors were being made in this country, but the best of them, the Hispano-Suiza, had taken a very long time to produce at all, and was so complicated that large production was out of the question. It was discovered that it would take at the very least a year, and probably longer, to get the Rolls-Royce into small production. If we attempted to rely on foreign motors built in America, we should be automatically barred out of airplane production on a scale to count for probably two years. The sensible thing seemed to be to get the French and Italians to build us their motors in their own shops, to help them expand their factories, to furnish them material, and to send over thousands of mechanics to help as they could. This arrangement was carried out, and several thousand planes were ordered abroad from the best of the foreign manufacturers. Unfortunately, they were unable to come up to their contracts, and deliveries which should have been made in the late winter began only in May.

To return now to the situation in the United States. With Liberty motors getting into production in the winter, why was it that our combat planes were so delayed? As we knew so little about the airplane industry, we sent a commission abroad a year ago to study it and report on which planes we should build. This commission had to learn the subject. The advice it received abroad was conflicting, and, as a consequence, there was the greatest confusion all summer. We were three thousand miles away. It took a long time for designs to reach here. The foreign practice is so different from the American that when the plans and specifications were received a single plane had to be built and then plans and specifications worked out from it. No sooner would we get started on one design than an order would come to cancel that and wait for another. Thus three thousand single-seater Spads were ordered from the Curtiss Company in Buffalo last September. In November the order was canceled from abroad by General Pershing. Such an experience was heartbreaking for the men who were trying to hold their organizations together. But it was the fortune of war. In October a general utility two-seater bombing plane was decided on for production at the Dayton-Wright plant—the De Haviland 4. It was a successful English plane, driven by the Rolls-Royce motor. Changes were necessary to adapt it to the Liberty motor, but these were carried out readily, and the first flight was taken late in October. Yet the production of planes did not begin until well into April. The reason for the delay lay in a factor few persons would suspect—accessories. The foreign mission reported that literally dozens of accessories were needed in a well-equipped plane. As Howard Coffin is reported to have said, they put everything on a plane except a kitchen sink. Aside from a large number of instruments, there were wireless apparatus, an intraplane telephone, electrical clothes-warmers, oxygen tank, flares at the ends of the wings for landing at night, bomb-dropping appliances and sights, camera, and four machine guns, two synchronized for shooting between the propeller blades in active operation. The builders would make their layout for the body, and then would be notified from Washington, which perhaps had been notified from abroad, to make room for more appliances. That would necessitate complete redesigning. It was months before the gun mounts were satisfactory. For this the Ordnance Bureau was to blame. These delays were exasperating and many of them needless. There was a bad breakdown somewhere in Washington in the handling of these accessories. Apparently four or five months were simply thrown away in the production of this bomber. And yet men familiar with the situation have questioned whether these blunders were not the almost inevitable result of a hastily gathered organization that was rapidly expanding and that had to include a multitude of men to whom an airplane was only a name.

By the latter part of May the Dayton-Wright plant was in quantity production with this plane, with a record of one hundred and twenty miles an hour under full load—a speed hardly exceeded by even the fastest light planes on the front. (Most of the foreign speed records must be viewed with suspicion; sad experience has shown the reports ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles over the facts.) A heavy production of the De Havilands is assured by midsummer. A somewhat similar situation arose in the great Curtiss plants in Buffalo, in one of which twenty-seven acres are under one roof. When the Spads were canceled, the aircraft people sent the Bristol to Curtiss. This is a two-seater combat plane carrying three machine guns, but no bombs. It is a more powerful edition of the single-seater fighter, and ought to be considerably faster than the De Haviland. Unfortunately, it was badly designed for the Liberty motor. Too small a radiating surface was responsible for the engine overheating. It was necessary to provide auxiliary radiators in the shape of ears projecting on either side. These retarded the speed. These difficulties eventually will be overcome, possibly in a very short time. Meanwhile the great resources of the Curtiss plant have been partly wasted for several months. Only partly wasted, for the plant built more than two thousand training planes last year and is building huge flying boats to hunt the submarine. These flying boats, part of which are taken by our allies, are using the Liberty motor, and are now flying successfully in the submarine zone. Doubtless the engineers responsible for the Bristol failure are to be blamed. But the Nation must share their blame. It refused to give these engineers experience by building up an airplane industry before the war.

We shall build heavier planes also—night bombers; the British Handley-Page, equipped with two Liberty motors, and the Italian Caproni, equipped with three. For the present we shall leave the small single-seater pursuit planes to our allies. They made that suggestion last year, on the ground that they were equipped to do that job, while they did not have the resources to put out bombing planes in quantity. The Liberty Twelve is too big and heavy for these small planes. They constitute, however, only a fraction of the planes that are in use or needed. For perhaps ninety per cent of the planes—bombers of the day and night type, two-seater pursuit, and seaplanes—the Liberty is probably the best motor in the world to-day. It is quite possible that later the Liberty may be cut in two and the Liberty Six used on single-seaters. There has been criticism that the aircraft people stifled initiative by adopting one type of motor. It is not quite true to say that they adopted only one type. They gave large orders for the French Hispano-Suiza 150 horse-power, and now the manufacturers are working on a 300 horse-power Hispano-Suiza. The heavy and powerful Italian Bugatti has been ordered in this country. We are buying several types of training-plane engines, three of them foreign. Large private manufacturers are experimenting with new engines which they hope will be world-beaters. Still, effort was centered on the Liberty, and deliberately. The best opinion was that the Allies were handicapped by the number of types of motors used on the western front, while the Germans had won a distinct advantage by concentrating on the Mercedes and developing that type to a high degree.

The Outlook has asked why battery ignition has been used on the Liberty motor instead of magneto. It is an engineering problem. The men who designed the motor believe battery ignition to be superior. The battery spark is sharper, the magneto spark more prolonged and harder on the spark plugs. They insist that European engineers still adhere to the magneto because the battery ignition was developed in this country and has not been worked out abroad. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The Liberty's battery system weighs less than half as much as an adequate magneto system, and is producing the required results. The engineers believe that they are having much less trouble than the magneto machines are having. As for the angle between the sets of cylinders, it was adopted, not for aeronautical reasons, although those justify it, but in order to reduce vibration.

It has been asked how we could have spent several hundred million dollars and obtained no planes for the money. The question is not accurately put. In the middle of May a balance-sheet given to Congress showed something more than $160,000,000 spent for airplanes, machine tools, general equipment, and ordnance. This money had produced several thousand training planes

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and the parts for many thousands of combat planes. The pipes were full and ready to overflow, with their contents paid for.

Here, then, is the general situation. We have developed a highly successful motor, adapted probably to ninety per cent of the work to be done, and we have fitted it for quantity production. It is in quantity production to-day. We did the job in record time. We did not recklessly ignore the possibilities of foreign motors. When we found we could not build them successfully in this country without prolonged delay, we placed large orders for them abroad. Our failure came in the designing and equipping of the planes themselves. What might be termed avoidable mistakes have put our programme perhaps four or five months behind, although we are now shipping steadily to France and are getting rapidly into shape where it will be a question whether we can transport all the planes we can build. These mistakes arose chiefly from the necessity of using inexperienced men in an organization which has grown from a handful of men to 150,000 almost overnight. Evidently there was confusion of authority. Nobody knew exactly where one man's authority left off and another's began. The organization that Congress had provided was cumbersome and unwieldy.

There can be no doubt that blame must attach to the men who fed the public on idle promises and failed to deal frankly when the programme fell down. Whether it would have been humanly possible under the conditions that existed to build an organization that would have avoided the mistakes that were made in the design and equipment of planes the writer does not attempt to say. HENRY J. HASKELL.

A LITTLE GRIMY-FINGERED GIRL

BY LEE WILSON DODD

A little grimy-fingered girl
In stringy black and broken shoes
Stands where sharp human eddies swirl
And offers—*news:*
News from the front, "'*L'Intransigeant*,'
M'sieu, comme d'ordinaire?" Her smile
Is friendly though her face is gaunt;
There is no guile,
No mere mechanic flash of teeth,
No calculating leer of glance. . . .
You wear your courage like a wreath,
Daughter of France.
Back of old sorrow in tired eyes,
Back of endurance, through the night
That wearies you and makes you wise,
I see a light
Unshaken, proud, that does not pale.
—And you are nobody, my dear:
"*Une vraie gamine*," who does not quail,
Who knows not fear.
Rattle your sabers, Lords of Hate,
Ye shall not force them to their knees!
A street-girl scorns your God, your State—
The least of these.

La Place du Théâtre Française, Paris, February, 1918.

REFUGEES IN PARIS

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES AFTER THE GREAT GERMAN DRIVE BEGAN

BEFORE the war Paris was the most popular resort in the world for pleasure-seekers. There was a charm in its gay streets and boulevards, its historic monuments and churches, its attractive parks and drives, its open-air restaurants and well-conducted hotels, its suggestion of an advanced civilization different from and in some respects perhaps superior to our own, that drew Americans especially in increasing numbers year after year to the gates of what was well called "The Beautiful City." But the Paris of these dark and bloody days is a different place. To it now come no streams of pleasure-seekers. Instead come throngs of dispossessed peasants, farmers, toilers, who have been driven from their homes by the fierce assaults of the oncoming Hun. They must not stop in Paris; that city itself is under bombardment; and while the brave Parisians accept that fact with equanimity, it none the less makes it all the more necessary for the authorities to speed their guests to other and safer places where they may make new homes for themselves pending the arrival of that great day of judgment and restitution which we all hope and believe is eventually to come. The following letter from an American woman, Mrs. Helen G. M. Frenaye, brings before us most vividly the scenes which are daily being witnessed in Paris at the present time, when many towns and villages in Picardy and Flanders are being depopulated through the havoc wrought by the contending armies. Mrs. Frenaye's account of her experiences begins with Easter Sunday, two days after the perpetration of one of the most frightful outrages of the Germans' war of frightfulness—the killing of seventy-five worshipers in the Church of St. Gervais by the long-range gun. She says:

"Easter Sunday! How difficult it is, after forty-eight hours spent among the heroic and uncomplaining refugees of the north, passing through Paris seeking new homes, to rise to a sense of Easter gladness or rejoicing!

"It is now seven o'clock, and I went on duty last night at a boys' *lycée* near the Gare de Lyon at that same hour."

(The Gare de Lyon, it may be noted, is one of the more remote railway terminals of Paris, situated at some distance

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south of the Place de la Bastille, a plaza where once stood the famous fortress-prison.)

"The *lycée*," Mrs. Frenaye goes on, "is admirably adapted for such a work of mercy. It has a *salle d'attente*, where the poor wanderers, as they are brought in by the *camions* of the A. R. C. from the Gare du Nord [the station at which trains from the north of France arrive], are received by a group of young girls working under the Shurtleff Memorial Fund, assisted by one or two of us from the A. R. C. Last night we received one hundred and twenty-five old men and boys, old women, young girls, and little children; the night previous there were a hundred and eighty-seven. They had been on the road two days, from the evacuated towns of Compiègne, Noyon, Ham, and Montdidier; and many came even from Amiens and Beauvais.

"The *agents de police*, two kind and sympathetic men, led the refugees in to us and helped them to deposit their various bundles of clothing and household effects, hastily collected after the short warning given them to vacate their homes within a few hours.

"We served them at once with hot coffee, or milk for the babies, and a *tartine* of bread and meat. And as they sat about the stove (for the weather is still cold) they talked of their experiences, but with not one word of complaint at their hard lot. Most of them had been 'evacuated' twice; many of them had been repatriated through Evian since 1916. One woman with five little children said that it was her third pilgrimage in search of a home.

"After they had been warmed and fed we led them across the courtyard to a second building, where, on both the first and second story, mattresses furnished by the A. R. C. were spread upon the floor, with a bolster and two nice gray blankets for each. And here we helped them to get to bed and to rest—until five o'clock in the morning, when they were roused to be again served with coffee and bread before going to the Gare to take the trains for the Pyrenees, or the Midi, or the Riviera. A few were to join friends or family, and had a definite destination. The majority were ignorant as to where they were going. Many were too dazed or bewildered to care. It was almost impossible to control one's tears at the mixture of dumb animal resignation and childlike trust they displayed. Not one forgot to say, '*Merci, madame*,' for the slightest thing offered. Even the babies piped up and lisped, '*Merci bien, madame.*' Many apologized for the trouble they were causing, and many thanked us for the kindness with which they had been received. Poor waifs! They sat for hours quietly, demanding and expecting nothing.

"To offset the pathos there were comic moments that helped to relieve the mental strain. One old *grandmère*, certainly almost ninety years of age—resembling nothing so much as a wizened pippin—was inconsolable. She had no relatives. She knew not her future. But she had lost her basket with her bridal wreath of wax blossoms. And she would not move until it should be found. When I left, this morning, it was still undiscovered; and while the convoys came and went she sat on in her corner. The *agent de police* remarked that she was warm, and well fed, and had company, and said that we had better let her stay.

"One old man asked for a *bonnet de nuit* (nightcap), and said he couldn't sleep without it, and his wife wouldn't unpack one for him. So I finally tied up his head in a baby's diaper, and he went to sleep content!

"On my way to the canteen I had bought a boxful of children's toys—dolls and balls and toy automobiles and fluffy yellow chickens; and in the early dawn these playthings relieved the waiting hours for old and young alike. The children were enchanted, the old people appreciative and interested. I felt a small hand tugging at my skirt, and looked down to see a tot of four or five, who asked, 'May I have two *jouets* [toys], madame? One is for my brother when he grows up.' Brother, in his carriage, being aged four months! The colored ball she chose went at once into his mouth, to his mother's horror.

"The first night a little thirteen-day-old baby died, and there was neither nurse nor doctor to give aid. The mother had been obliged to rise from her bed in her village home; she had walked twenty-eight kilometers, and she was not able to feed her baby; and he died of starvation. The following night we had a nurse. She was a splendid Englishwoman—'evacuated' from the hospital of ——, of five thousand beds, which the English had to desert, leaving their wounded to fall into German hands. We had visited it only seven months ago. She was to have gone to ——, but that hospital had been bombed and burned. But here she found work—a man with a hand shot away, a woman with varicose veins, and many, old and young, with ills of minor or more serious nature.

"There were to be seen here many characters interesting to study. One stalwart peasant woman, with a gun slung across her shoulder and followed by a hunting dog, looked a match for any *Boche*. One little boy had become separated from his people, and was quite alone except for a spaniel puppy, which he dragged along on a cord far too short, that threatened the puppy with sudden asphyxiation. The boy was quite cheerful, and so self-possessed that he flatly refused milk, and even *café-au-lait*, and would have strong black coffee for himself and the puppy as well!

"Our cook, a charming Virginian, kept great *chaudières* full for sudden calls all night, upon a fire that had to be coaxed not to give up its good work. The A. R. C. had sent coffee and condensed milk, and the French Government inconceivable quantities of bread and canned meat. But, as usual, even in the midst of abundance the French appetite was frugal.

"At 2 A.M. the last convoy for the night came in—a convoy composed, among others, of two bedridden old women who had to be carried, and a number of timid old men who asked if I thought the '*sales Boches*' would come, if it was a night for '*avions*,' if there was '*une cave ou abris*' (cellar or shelter), and who refused to go above the ground floor to sleep. But finally they were prevailed upon to stretch themselves out among their fellows, and we lowered the lights, or shaded them by pulling over them the prevailing dark-blue covers, and our hundred and twenty-five slept the sleep of exhaustion, while the workers kept watch over the fires or prepared for the coming breakfast.

"Meanwhile I sat beside the great stove in the hall and talked with the two intelligent *agents* from the *préfecture*, and heard their ideas upon the long-range gun that was bombarding Paris, and as to how the range must be dictated by wireless waves sent by *espions* from the city, and how wonderful the English and Americans were in method and swiftness, and of 'Monsieur Ford' and his car and tractors, and as to what France should do after the war to catch up with some of these modern ideas, or answered their thousand and one questions, until the dawn of Easter broke, our vigils were ended, and word came from the Gare as to the hour set for the departure of our guests."

A few days later Mrs. Frenaye writes describing the bombardment of Paris by the long-range gun and by aerial craft:

"You will see by the papers that Paris has been bombarded both day and night by the long-range gun. Last night was our first long-range bombardment by night. It began at a quarter to one. I watched the clock. The explosions came regularly every fifteen minutes. One knows now the sounds, and they are very different, of the long-range shells and of the aviators' bombs.

"Paris goes on quietly. As famous as '*Ils ne passeront pas*' (They shall not pass), the watchword at Verdun, is the expression here, '*La vie continue*' (The life goes on). It certainly does. There is no excitement, no panic, no nervousness. One gets accustomed to it. Only one regrets now moonlight and cloudless nights, for then 'They' will certainly come.

"On Friday night I went out with the Blanks to dinner. On emerging into the pitch-black street at nine o'clock, one of the party remarked, as we looked up at the glorious starlit sky, 'It is the night for a raid.' But we came back to the hotel unharmed, and went up to the *salon*. The —— girls were about to sing for their mother, when suddenly the sirens began their music, and they were almost immediately followed by a barrage fire. Usually one has about twenty minutes in which to dress and descend to the cellar after the siren gives the warning, but that night the bombs began dropping at once. So we literally tumbled downstairs in the darkness into the cellar. If only, some night, I could take a flashlight for posterity! The scene in the cellar is, in spite of all, comical to a degree—the types, costumes, and expressions of both sexes and all ages, seated on wine-casks and ladders and boxes. There are among them passers-by who have sought refuge, *poilus*, old

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women and men; there are babies, squalling, who have been snatched up—poor little things!—out of their sleep; and there are the various dwellers in the hotel. Among these was the old countess, who came down to the cellar dressed in all her jewelry and in a long-train gown, as if for a ball. I don't know how many of her clothes besides she had on her back, but a good part of her wardrobe, anyway. Some of the crowd were silent, others joked and laughed, others went on with their interrupted knitting. Still others, of the more venturesome sort, preferred to go out and see what damage had been or was being done. Will you think we were reckless when I tell you that we were among the last named of the list?"

JAPAN AND BOLSHEVISM

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH BARON SHIMPEI GOTO, JAPAN'S MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, BY GREGORY MASON, STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

This is the second of three notable interviews held by Mr. Mason with leading Japanese statesmen. The first interview was with the Premier of Japan, Count Masataka Terauchi. It appeared in The Outlook of May 1. The interview with Mr. Terauchi was one of the most important achievements in journalism ever carried out by a staff correspondent of The Outlook. We are informed that it was cabled from this country to the London "Times," and it has been in part reprinted and commented upon by important American journals, such as the Philadelphia "Ledger" and the Milwaukee "Journal." Not less important in its bearing on the relations between Japan and America and the other Powers allied against Germany is the present interview with Baron Goto, who recently became the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. Elsewhere in this issue we comment editorially upon this interview and other recent statements by Goto and Terauchi. The third interview obtained in Japan by Mr. Mason was with Prince Yamagata, the eldest of the Elder Statesmen, and perhaps the most powerful influence in Japan except the Emperor. We shall hope to print the third interview soon. Both the Goto and the Yamagata interviews come to us from Shanghai, China. Mr. Mason is returning to western Europe from Shanghai, and at an early date we shall announce new plans for staff correspondence from him.—THE OUTLOOK.

"JAPAN is not concerned with the form of government Russia finally settles down into," Baron Shimpei Goto, Japan's Minister for Foreign Affairs, said to me. "But there is one exception. Japan cannot tolerate a Bolshevik Government. The disruptive propaganda and disorderly acts of the Bolsheviki menace even our own nation. With this exception, however, we have no choice. A government by the Minimalists or a monarchist régime will be equally welcomed by us. Japan is eager to lend strong support to a buffer Russian state between herself and Germany."

"Japan cannot tolerate the Bolsheviki." What does this mean? If opposition to the Bolshevik Government in Russia is an irrevocable policy with Japan, what is the significance thereof? England is maintaining informal relations with the Bolshevik envoy, Litvinov. President Wilson's message of encouragement to the conference of Soviet delegates at Moscow was at least good-natured "toleration" of the Bolsheviki. What might be the result of Japan's fixed antipathy to the Bolshevik Government, if, for instance, Germany should decide to try to win the favor of the Russian radicals and co-operate with them?

When Baron Goto made the statement just quoted, he was Japan's Minister for home affairs. It was the belief that he, and not the then nominal Minister for foreign affairs, Viscount Motono, was, with the Premier, the force really determining the foreign policy of Japan, which led me to apply to Goto rather than to Motono for a definition of Japan's attitude toward events in Russia and China. The accuracy of this view of Goto's position in the Government of Japan was vindicated a few days later when Viscount Motono resigned and was succeeded by the Minister for Home Affairs. But in Japan at all times those who are directing home affairs are extremely likely to be much concerned with foreign affairs. In the island Empire the interrelation of events abroad and affairs at home is apt to be more direct than in other countries, and particularly more direct than in a comparatively unwieldy and isolated country like the United States.

Thus Japan's antipathy to the Bolsheviki springs perhaps less from a fear of what the Bolsheviki may do abroad than from a fear that the Bolshevism now in Russia may spread to Japan. The fear of Socialism on the part of the governing classes in Japan is so excessive that it is absurd. Baron Goto is reputed to be one of the few leaders of Japan with the foresight to see that the social unrest which is sweeping over all parts of the world cannot be forever avoided by Japan. He is supposed to favor a sort of State Socialism as a means of avoiding something worse. In other words, he is reported to believe that the leaders of Germany have behaved wisely in dealing with the social problems in their country; that is to say, that it is better to give a little to the people, as the Kaiser has done, than to be forcibly deprived of everything, as has happened to the Czar.

In short, though undoubtedly a bureaucrat, Baron Goto sees the necessity of yielding certain things to the people, which few bureaucrats do. A friend of his said of him:

"He is like Mirabeau—rough-hewn, unformed, yeasty. He may become an autocrat of autocrats or he may become almost radical. He will, however, be *pronouncedly something*."

Dr. S. Washio, a clever interpreter of Japanese politics, said of Goto in the Japan "Advertiser":

"To him the ideal system of government is bureaucracy, because it works. . . . Bureaucracy marching abreast of the time—this is what Baron Goto would like to have in control of the future politics of Japan. . . . He is thoroughly familiar with the bureaucratic interests of the country, and at the same time has a broad and sympathetic understanding of the liberal spirit of the younger generation. With one foot set in officialdom, and the other energetically thrust out to the public, he stands astride over the threshold of the new political life of Japan. He is preeminently a statesman of a transitionary period."

After the war between China and Japan Goto wrote a brief urging that the indemnity paid by China be devoted to the cause of charity and social amelioration in order to prevent the spread of Socialism in Japan. His suggestion was not accepted; but the bureaucracy soon saw that such a man might become a powerful enemy if not made a friend, and thus Shimpei Goto, a self-made man, who had been born a poor Samurai, was taken into the bureaucracy in order to keep him from making mischief among the masses. This background is given because it lends more significance to Baron Goto's remarks about Bolshevism. If this man, who is perhaps the least conservative among the group of old men now ruling Japan, sees no possibility of compromising with Bolshevism, the feelings of the others in Government circles may be easily guessed.

After asking Baron Goto for his views of Japan's relations to the Bolsheviki or other possible governments in Russia, I asked the Minister if he expected any immediate further development of State Socialism in Japan.

"I cannot say," he replied quickly. "We have a great deal of it here already, as you know. In many respects there is more democracy in Japan than in the Western nations. The United States, for instance, is just coming to Government control of railways, and some other so-called Socialistic measures which we have had in Japan for a long time."

"How is it," I asked, "that when throughout most of the civilized world labor is either demanding or virtually wielding the dominant influence in national affairs, Japan is enjoying comparative industrial calm? What is your secret?"

"There is no political secret," he answered, smiling. "The

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phenomenon you have noticed is due to the peculiar nature of the Japanese people. In the West the strongest factor in government is reason, logic, ideas. But here the strongest thing is the heart, if I may call it that—that is to say, sentiment. In industry this is the outgrowth of the old apprentice system, which still exists in Japan, which fostered sympathy and understanding between master and employee. We are trying to maintain these warm relations between employer and employee, but of course it becomes more difficult to do so as industry grows to such an extent that some concerns employ thousands of men."

Baron Goto does not speak English. His son-in-law, Mr. Yusuké Tsurumi, was interpreting for him. Each time that a question was put to the Baron his face would light up quickly with a burning interest, reminding me of Roosevelt. He is often

BARON SHIMPEI GOTO, JAPAN'S MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

This portrait of Baron Goto was given to Mr. Mason by the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Japanese inscription, translated, reads at the right: "From Baron Shimpei Goto," and at the left, "To Mr. Gregory Mason"

compared to Roosevelt, but the comparison may easily be carried too far. He has, however, Roosevelt's perfect health and vast energy. He also has much the same head, almost perfectly round. His short gray hair stands straight up on his head and seems to bristle with electricity. His ears are large and his eyes very bright behind his glasses. His movements are always quick and alert, like a chipmunk's. He is of medium height for a Japanese, but thickset and muscular. Usually, as he speaks, a winning, dimpling smile plays about his plump cheeks. He is hugely affable, and makes a far better dinner companion than most statesmen in or out of Japan. Indeed, Goto impresses one more as a clever business man than as a statesman of the old, pompous Japanese school; and such, indeed, he is. He is not an idealist, but belongs to the eminently practical type of political leader well known in America. His shrewdness and his industry are his outstanding characteristics. To these two traits he owes almost entirely his remarkable success in politics, for he has had comparatively little "pull." Even to-day he has few powerful allies among the political leaders of his country, for, as a Japanese journalist said to me, "Goto is too clever to be widely trusted." Unlike most Japanese bureaucrats, however, he has influence with the political parties of Japan, which he realizes are gaining in strength; and, unlike most bureaucrats, he is rather well known among the people. He is often called the strongest man in the present Ministry. At any rate, he is as strong as his only rival for this distinction, the Premier, and has perhaps more imagination and foresight.

"How do you think Japanese intervention in Siberia would affect Japan's relations with China?" I asked Baron Goto.

"Intervention in Siberia would have a good effect on China," he replied. "It would promote unity and good feeling between the north and south of China and between China and Japan. I will speak quite frankly. A few weeks ago Japanese intervention in Siberia seemed imminent. For several days to the public the decision seemed to be hanging in the balance. Then it seemed to the public that a decision had been made against intervention. But this was not so. Japan's decision was merely to solidify China first, and so have a secure foundation beneath and behind her in case intervention should later become necessary. Disorganization and chaos in China form a danger to China, and just as much a danger to China's allies. China is as much threatened by Germany as Japan, but China fears that Japanese intervention in Russia will be used by Japan as a pretext for seizing rich plums in Manchuria, such as the Chinese Eastern Railway. Therefore Japan has decided to get Chinese troops to patrol all this region in case of intervention in Russia. Japanese troops would go in over the Trans-Siberian line, and also over the Amur Railway, but so far as is possible Chinese troops would be used in Manchuria.

"We believe that the Russian people are growing more and more inclined to welcome intervention. But the Chinese troops are none too good, and it is vital that they should be improved before anything is done. Japan must support China. The regeneration of China is very important to all the Allies. For instance, if India were to be menaced by Germany the presence of a strong China would be a great help to the Entente nations. Japan is making ready against the possibility that it will become necessary for Japan to protect India and Siberia against Germany. We hope sincerely that America will help us to preserve Russia and China against the enemy."

I asked his opinion of the appointment of Tuan Chi-jui as Premier of China.

"This shift," said Baron Goto, "means that a spirit of conciliation is abroad in China. It is not an indication of a victory for any particular faction. President Feng is not necessarily weakened, for in order to get the Premiership Tuan has had to alter his former uncompromising attitude. It is decidedly a move toward conciliation in China.

"The case of China is not so hopeless as it appears to some foreigners. China could become efficient in the near future if strong leaders should arise. Unfortunately there are no men of the caliber of Li Hung-chang now in sight."

"What do you think of the proposal to administer the Government of China by a commission composed either mainly or entirely of foreigners?"

"That is impossible," replied Baron Goto, emphatically. "Such schemes are absurd. The only way to handle China is the way the United States has handled Mexico. Only it is a harder task, and, so far as Japan might be concerned in doing it, it would be very much harder. America is nearly seven times as large as Mexico in population, while Japan is about one-sixth as large as China.

"The Wilson policy of helping the Mexicans to help themselves by picking out the strongest men in that country and supporting them liberally is now amply vindicated. The latest agreement between the United States and Carranza is evidence of this. Japan must pursue the same tactics with China."

"Some people," I remarked, "are saying that the next alliances in the Occident, as well as in the Orient, will be on racial

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lines, and that, the limit of national development having been reached, the next wars will be racial wars."

"That is absurd," said Baron Goto. "There is little strength in racial affinities. For instance, Japan has fought a war with China. America has fought England twice. England is now fighting Germany.

"No; the best friends are often of different races. The possession of common commercial and social interests is a closer bond between nations than racial similarities. We hope for close and cordial relations between Japan and America. We hope the United States will see that the example of what the Japanese have done in Hawaii proves that the Japanese make good citizens. They are clean and orderly—they never riot. We hope that one result of the war may be that Japanese immigration will be admitted to America. Of course all intelligent Japanese are able to understand with sympathy America's attitude on this immigration question. The same objections which America raises against Japanese immigration are heard here against Chinese and Hindu immigration. But such considerations are not insurmountable. If the immigration is brought in gradually, the problem can be met. I am sure that one very desirable result of Japanese immigration in America would be a closer *entente* between the United States and Japan."

"In addition to America," I asked, "to what outlets do you look for the absorption of your growing population?"

"This surplus population can overflow into Manchuria," replied the Minister. "But no annexation anywhere is needed or contemplated by us. As to Siberia, that is hardly suited to our people. It is too cold, and the intensive agricultural methods which the Japanese farmer uses are not adaptable to Siberia. These methods are, however, practicable in California. Of course Japan is not so dangerously crowded as some people seem to think, and it must be remembered that experts say that, other things being equal, an island can support three times as many people as the same extent of territory in a continent."

Baron Goto threw back his head and eyed the ceiling for a few seconds, tapping his finger-tips together in evident reflection. Then he straightened up suddenly and said:

"I feel that Japan is not well understood among the other nations, and it is largely her own fault. Japan has no adequate propaganda. She must develop an honest propaganda among her allies, and especially in the United States, Russia, and China. Germany succeeded in creating suspicion between Japan and America, which she could not have done had these nations had adequate propaganda of their own. Perhaps the reason we Japanese are so backward in this respect is that we speak such bad English"—he laughed. "Then Japanese public men are too much afraid of talking to the press. Such interviews as this one I'm giving you are good, honest propaganda for Japan, and I'm glad to give them." Smiling at his own frankness, he stood up and shook hands.

It may seem to the reader that Baron Goto's remarks quoted above are entirely at random; that they concern several unrelated subjects. But the truth is that the subjects he discussed—Bolshevism, China, Japanese industrialism, and Japanese emigration—are intimately related. No one of these problems can be settled in any way without relation to all the others. If Japan is to develop as a great Power, her development will be based on the growth of her industrial strength. China contains the industrial resources which Japan believes she needs for that development. But as Japan grows industrially, the question of the relations between her capitalistic and laboring classes will become more and more acute, as proved by the tendency in Japan during the past fifteen or twenty years. And as to Japanese emigration, that is vitally connected with the growth of labor unrest and the spread of "dangerous thoughts," the *bêtes noires* of the old-fashioned gentlemen who mainly make up the class at present governing Japan. Every one knows that most of the radicals who have turned Russia upside down are either foreigners or Russians who have lived much abroad. Many of them, of course, went to Russia from America. Similarly, of the small radical class in Japan very many have lived abroad, and practically all have found their "inspiration" abroad. Many of them have lived in Hawaii. The opening of the United States to Japanese immigration would certainly greatly affect the political and social philosophy entertained by the masses of Japan. It would probably lead to the growth in Japan of the much distrusted "Western democracy." It might be an important factor in hastening the "Bolshevikation" of Japan (if the word is permissible).

For Japan is bound to have her Bolshevism. She will be the last nation to catch it, and that fact may enable her to make her adjustments easily, for she will have had time to profit by the fate of other countries. Unfortunately for her, at present there is little indication that Japan will have leaders who will know how to meet the flood of industrial unrest and Socialism intelligently. The remarkable leaders who have made a modern state of a mediæval nation are all very old men or dead. Only a few young-old men are looming up as possible successors to them, and of these Baron Goto is one of the very few who gives evidence of possessing enough imagination to see—before too late—that the oncoming rise of social unrest in Japan, though of glacial slowness, is as inevitable as the tides in the Inland Sea.

"We hope sincerely that America will help us to preserve Russia and China against the enemy," said Baron Goto. And one might add: "Yes, and against any nation or group that seeks to exploit them selfishly to the hindrance of the young armies of liberty which are struggling to make 'a newer West of the whole immemorial East'"—to quote Nicholas Murray Butler.

And, if the editors will permit me to add one word more on my own account, it is this: Americans are so engrossed with the "war for democracy" on the western front that they are constantly tempted to slight the struggle between the new and the old in the East. Yet where should the attempts of men to establish liberty and self-government more deserve the sympathy of America than in Asia, the historic seat of despotism, obscurantism, and the divine right of the few to squeeze the many? As the one great nation in the war which has specifically renounced conquest, and as the great Republic of the West to which all Eastern liberals look for inspiration, America has a peculiar responsibility toward the young Republics of China and Russia. America can help Japan "to preserve Russia and China against the enemy" by helping Japan to understand the desire for democracy in Russia and China, and by helping the still feeble advocates of democracy in Japan to throw off the vestiges of mediævalism which encumber their own country.

As this is written, Japan is understood to be making certain "demands" on China involving co-operation between the two countries in the rehabilitation of China's army and armament. In so far as these "demands" are aimed only at building up China's force to the extent necessary to repel possible menaces from Germany and to take a proper part in intervention in Siberia, if that should become necessary, the "demands" are proper and ought to be supported by all the Allies. But if these "demands" are aimed at giving Japan under this pretext a much larger control over China, to be used for purposes of her own, then they are improper and ought to be defeated. It is embarrassing to the friends of Japan that she has not been able to conduct these negotiations so openly that no ugly rumors could have arisen.

Finally, Baron Goto's praise for President Wilson's policy towards Mexico is interesting. His advocacy of the same method for Japan in dealing with China is characteristically far-sighted. And no doubt he realizes that the same example is worth studying with respect to the question of Japanese or Allied intervention in Siberia. In many ways the issues involved in the present proposal for intervention in Siberia are similar to the former proposal for American intervention in Mexico. There are many good reasons for advocating intervention, but the proposal is much discredited by the manifest selfishness of many of the elements urging it. At any rate, the greatest caution and tact are necessary. I have talked with all classes of Russians, and I believe that the only Russians who would welcome Japanese intervention *at present* are the sort of small-minded business men whose patriotism emanates from and is entirely confined by their pocketbooks. Their type in Mexico is well known to any one who has crossed the Rio Grande. Is it not far better that Russia should grope along as she is going than that the Russian nation should rise against the Allies as the betrayers of the Russian Revolution?

Shanghai, China, April 29, 1918.

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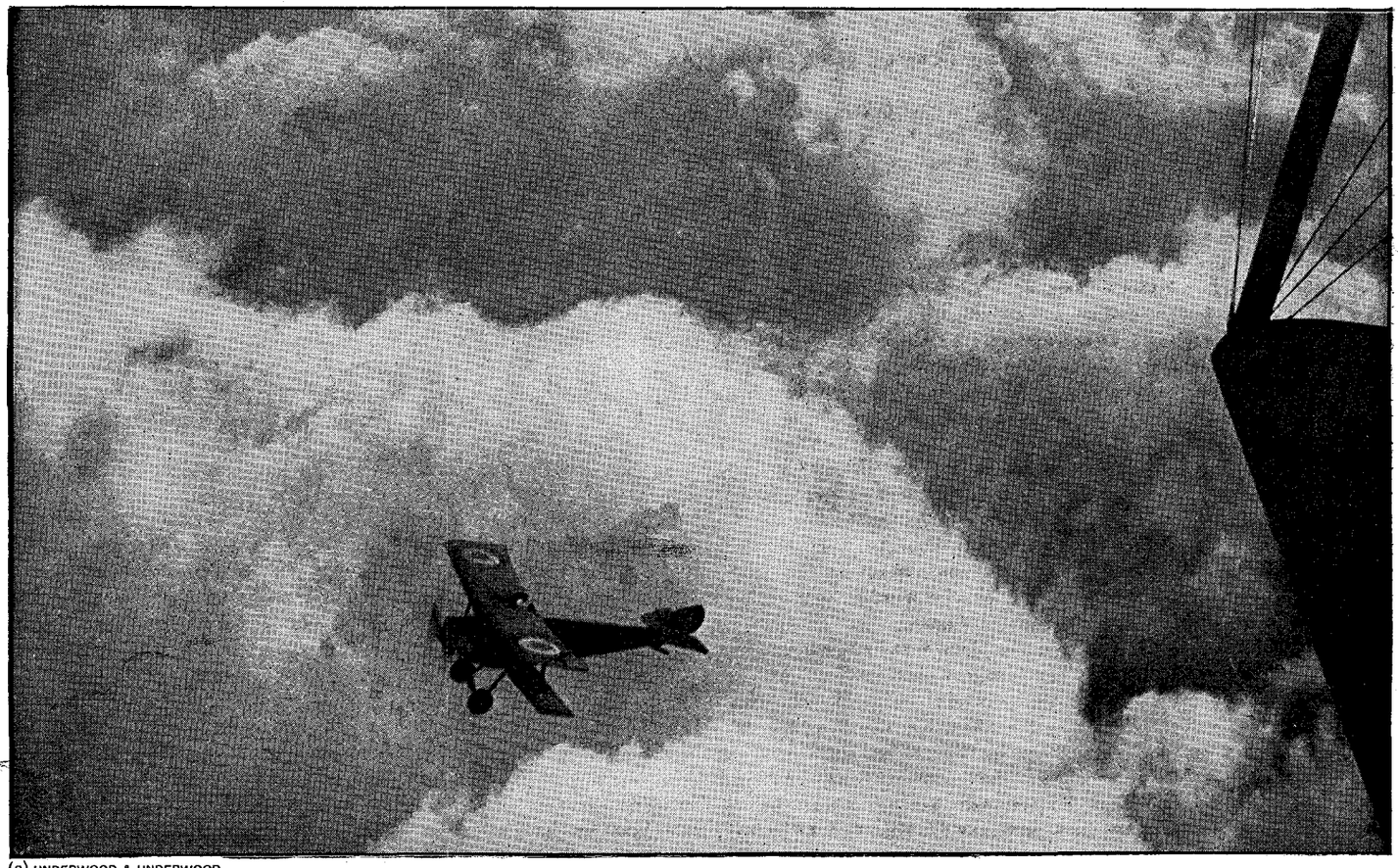

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AMONG THE CLOUDS

This picture, interesting in its suggestion of the dizzy heights alluded to in the accompanying description of a thrilling experience, is also of interest from its association with one of the greatest of the world's military aviators. It shows the late Captain Guynemer, the famous "ace" of the French air service, while engaged in protecting an observation biplane from attack by German airplanes, at a height 10,000 feet above the earth. The photograph was taken from the biplane, part of which may be seen at the extreme right

A FIRST FLIGHT

A member of the staff of The Outlook who was one of seven of this office to enlist in active war service has written a letter to one of his former colleagues, still on the staff, describing his first ride in an airplane. He is in the Army Aviation Service, and is receiving his training in a camp in a Southern State. He describes his experience so vividly that we think that not only will his letter interest our readers, but that it is especially appropriate for an out-of-doors number.—THE EDITORS.

WELL, I've had my first ride, and it was beyond description. When I first went to the flying field, at 4:30 one afternoon, I was disappointed, as the pilot who had promised to take me up was ill. However, the next morning at 11:25 one of the other pilots, a young second lieutenant named ——, ushered me to his machine, and, after trying the motor and looking things over, we were all ready for the start. I sat in the front seat, with helmet and goggles that a cadet had loaned me, and the pilot sat behind, of course.

Then with a great roar we were off, and for a moment it seemed just like riding in an automobile. First thing I knew we were a few feet above the ground, and from then on we kept climbing, climbing, until we were hundreds of feet above the ground. We ran into squalls of rain every few minutes, but that didn't matter. The ground went farther and farther away, and the airplanes below us looked like flies or bugs flitting around. We passed over a lake that was as round as a saucer. When we came back over the post, the buildings looked like so many dominoes.

Still we climbed, till now we were right up among the clouds. The rain clouds were below us, and the great, tremendous fluffy white clouds towered all around us. We passed through some of them and between others. It was really sublime—clean beyond anything you've ever imagined, with now and then a glimpse of the earth several thousand feet below.

We had now been up a half-hour, and our altitude showed six thousand feet—more than a mile high! It was like a dream; but there was soon a jolt. The pilot stopped his motor for a moment and asked me if I'd like to do an Immelmann turn. I asked, "What is it?" and he said he'd show me. So we went ahead at full speed for a little way, then pointed straight up into the air till we were perpendicular, then the machine fell right over on its wing, part sideward and part backward, and we came out in a graceful glide. I'll not attempt to describe what I felt like during the process.

In a minute the pilot stopped his motor again and asked me if I was scared. I said I was, a little, but didn't mind it, so he said, "All right; let's try a tail-spin." So we went along straight for a short distance, then he shut off the motor, yelled "All right!" nosed the machine straight toward the ground, and in a second we were spinning toward *terra firma* at the rate of a stone dropping out of the sky. Good-*night!* The whole earth went round in a circle, and it seemed as though we must hit it in no time. But, after whirling four or five times, we came out of it as easily and smoothly as you please, and my heart resumed its normal position instead of trying to force its way out of my mouth.

The altimeter still registered 4,000 feet, and after a minute or two we went into another tail-spin and dropped another 2,000 feet. There's no use talking; nobody can drop toward the earth that way and feel perfectly normal. You don't even have time to get scared. You just sit and wonder whether it's a dream or a nightmare.

After we came out of the second tail-spin we started toward the flying field in a long, gradual drop, and in almost no time we had landed so gently that you couldn't tell when we touched the ground.

We had been up forty minutes, and I was genuinely sorry that it was over. The only stunt we didn't do was a loop, but they say the loop is tame beside a wing-turn or a tail-spin. So I haven't much ahead of me in the way of new sensations. In a week or so, as soon as I get caught up with all my book work, I'm going to take another trip, perhaps a cross-country ride of fifty miles or so. It's the greatest fun in the world; you'd better try it some day if you get the chance. R.

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THE FAMILY GOES A-GYPSYING

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PERHAPS the greater part of my life has been spent within such easy access of medicines that the very familiarity has led, not so much to contempt, as to that lack of consciousness of its proximity with which one views an uncomfortable but familiar chair.

But along toward the sulphur and molasses period of the year I begin to feel the effect of my months of desk life. My good right arm, which in the fall moved with *verve* and abandon to the ink-well and back again, begins to lag. I incline to kill my heroes and to evolve domestic plots of tragic *dénouements*.

The advent of spring lamb, mint sauce, and new peas finds me without appetite to enjoy them, and the first early asparagus in the market leaves me untouched.

Time was when I would hie me to the medicine cabinet, and, selecting something or other, more or less at random and with that casualness found in the households of physicians, take it irregularly for three days.

So long as we diagnose our spring lassitude as of the liver, that will be in many households the course of events. But spring fever is mental, not physical. It is, with most of us, a call for the soil, a cry of the tired mind to get away from things and back to life. It is a nostalgia of the imagination.

With me the disease begins mildly, the premonitory symptom being a desire to leave my study and take the dogs out to see if the tulips are up. But I do not deceive myself. Any other excuse not to write will do. I have even gone out to converse with a broom vender, that early harbinger of spring, or to inquire politely of the laundress as to her husband's health. Have you noticed that almost all laundresses have sickly husbands?

The second symptom is the summoning of the gardener. And records of the disease, as shown by the family check-book, reveal that this is the hectic period, characterized by a strange degree of recklessness and delusions of hope not altogether borne out by later developments.

The third symptom consists in getting out the fishing tackle. Sometimes this is incidental. I am going through closets and trunk-rooms preparatory to the spring cleaning, and I happen on a book of flies or some worn tramping boots. Immediately everything stops—the putting away of winter furs and the gathering together to give away of outworn garments. And I sit down on the cedar chest in a welter of moth-balls and—plan.

The disease is now at its height.

The call to the open always comes to me at house-cleaning time, perhaps because it is at that period of the year that our possessions begin to possess us. To every woman, at least, is brought home at house-cleaning the absurdity of the material things which clutter up her life: the clocks that do not run, the chairs with uncertain legs, the old hats, the faded embroideries, the pictures no one looks at, the wrapping paper and string, the boxes that may some time be needed.

The reaction towards simplicity takes, with some women, the form of doing away with hangings and leaving the floors bare. With me, it goes further. It craves life under the open sky, with all its necessities—and how few they are!—and some of the comforts. And it means too, at last, free of the daily schedule of work and play—and the schedule of play is quite as exacting as that of work—the chance to meet again my own family. Just how much of family life do we Americans allow ourselves in our homes? Not very much, as a rule. We meet generally at the evening dinner for the first time as a family group, and with the dessert comes again the breaking up. When the children are grown or semi-grown, there are social engagements. When they are smaller, the curse of our family life, evening study, cuts us off from the society of our children.

Surely, some time, in some way, we shall so arrange our lives that the children of the household shall have time to make the acquaintance of their fathers.

For this reason, in our family we have jealously guarded our summers. They are ours, the family's. They must not be interfered with nor intruded upon. Business, school, affairs of the house, must be relegated with other trespassers, for a time at least, to the world outside ourselves. Not alone, but as a family, we play.

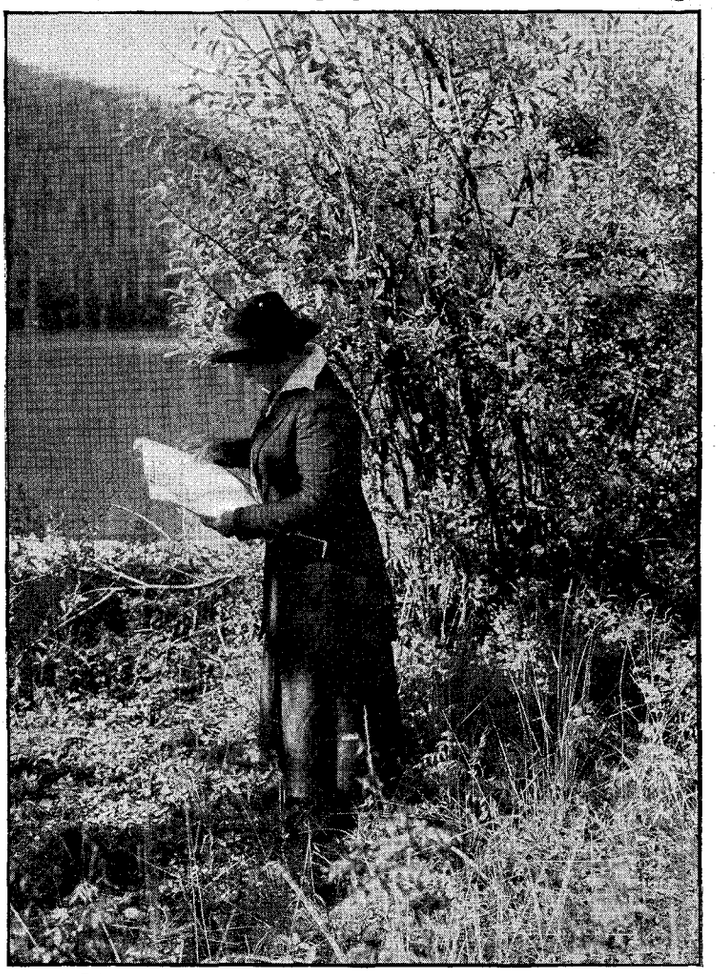
For the dull play of the winter we substitute adventure; for the work of the winter, the toil of the open road.

Our camping has not been camping in the strictest sense of the word. We go in gypsy fashion, moving slowly but steadily. That we have used horses has been chiefly because our taste has taken us to the remote places where carts and automobiles were out of the question. But gypsying is a state of mind. The open road calls, and one goes afoot or in a cart or on a quiet horse or even (although this method is too fast for me—who among us has the strength of mind to move slowly in a car?) in an automobile.

The chief thing is to get out from under a roof. That wrench once achieved—and it is rather a wrench—the method matters little. There are campers who choose a gracious spot and there are satisfied to remain, letting the peace of it heal them. And there are others, like ourselves, who follow the lure of the trail, moving on each day to some new scene, or stopping over for a day or two where the fish are biting well. And again there are those strange rovers of the open, who belong in no classification, who fly wildly through the country, map on knee and watch in hand, reckoning the day, not by delights, but by distance.

But camping is not alone a state of mind. It is an art. For, I take it, it has two purposes—to make us acquainted with our souls and to renew our acquaintance with each other. And to camp badly is to frustrate both. Souls do not grow, any more than bodies, on poor food. Your cow-puncher is quite contented with a can of tomatoes and a half-dozen slices of bacon. But your house-dweller has a pampered body and must be fed.

So as an art family camping must include certain things.



MRS. RINEHART PLANNING A DAY'S EXPEDITION ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

In this expedition Mrs. Rinehart penetrated a hitherto unfrequented part of these Montana Rockies

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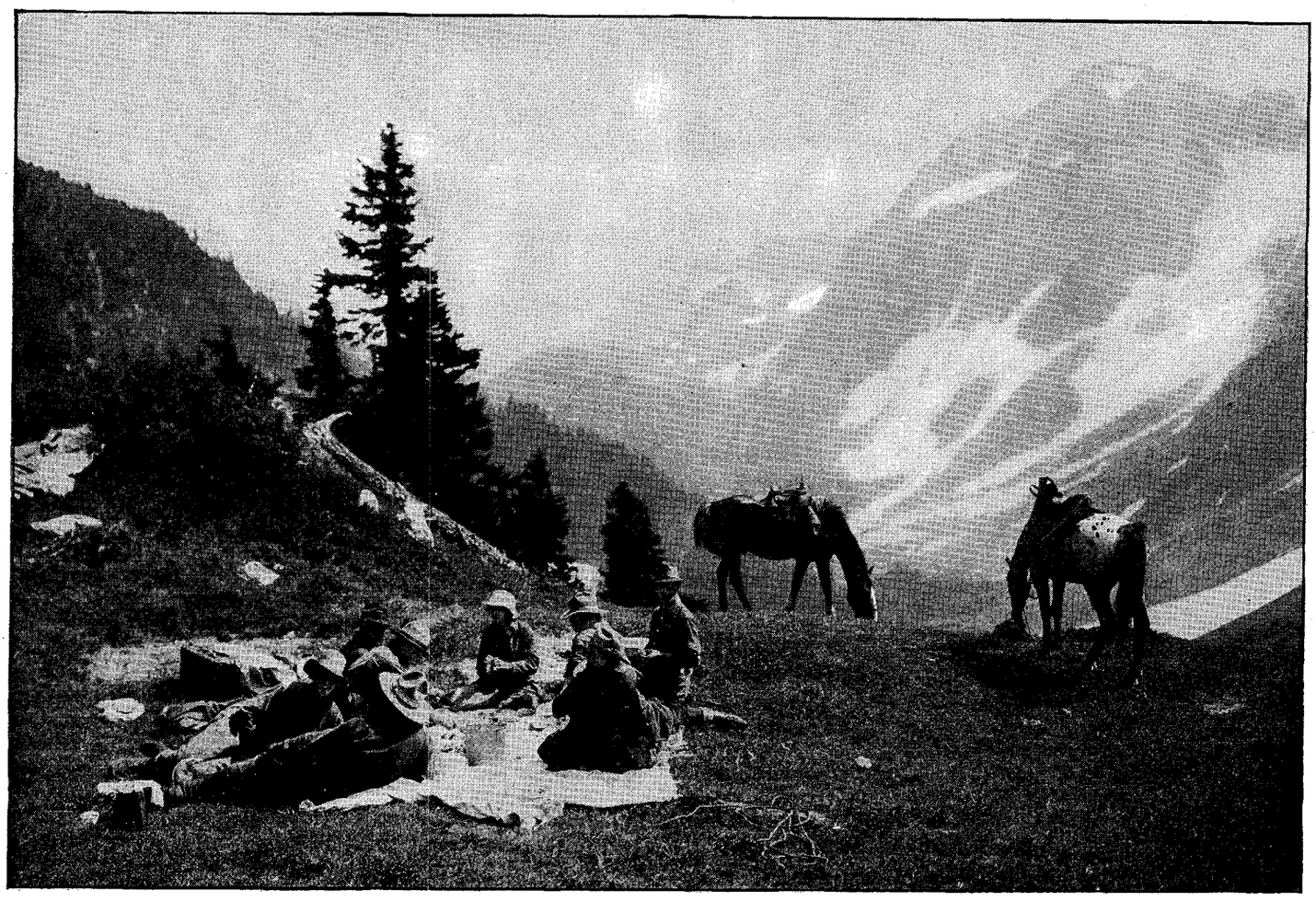

MRS. RINEHART AND HER PARTY AT LUNCHEON IN CASCADE PASS

Cascade Pass, whose altitude is 5,400 feet, crosses the summit of the main range of the Cascade Mountains, and is accessible from Lake Chelan, the beautiful lake which stretches fifty miles into the heart of this mountain range. Lake Chelan, since its accessibility through a branch line of the Great Northern Railway from Wenatchee, Washington, has each year become more and more popular as a mountain resort

First of all, accord. If there are dubious minds among you, send them to a seaside hotel. Take only the valiant spirits. Strength of body is not essential. Strength of mind is. And, having thus sifted the family group for cinders, begin with lists. Lists are to a camping trip what catalogues are to the amateur gardener—the essence of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.

And, as accord is not always achieved in the face of discomfort, in making the lists two things are essential—to eat well and to lie warm and dry. Traveling, as I always do, with a train of pack animals, my lists are full to the point of extravagance. As our family camping trips are always in the wilderness, there is no possibility of living off the country. And, indeed, even in good game regions it is wise not to depend on the guns for meat.

I have just returned from a camping trip in Mexico. Unluckily, owing to the war, this year it could not be a family party, but, as usual, I had a lengthy pack outfit of mules.

When I gave the list to that member of the party who was in charge of supplies—it is wise to have a sort of mess officer on such excursions—he protested over the amount of ham, bacon, and tinned meats I was ordering.

"We'll get plenty of game," he said. "There is deer everywhere."

"Nevertheless," I replied, with firmness, "we are going to take along enough to carry us through. I have been in deer country before."

And it is a lamentable fact that, with deer tracks everywhere, with our hearts fixed on venison, and with some twelve rifles and shotguns in the party, we tasted no venison on that trip, and were reduced to canned salmon before we touched the fringes of civilization.

Eggs I always carry. This last time they were in a crate marked "fragile," and they proved so, indeed. But there was enough salvage for many comfortable breakfasts. I take jam and jellies, oranges and lemons, cocoa (which is delicious made with canned milk), and enough bread, not crackers, for the first three or four days. I am convinced that more camping trips have gone down to failure because of the much-vaunted flapjack than for any other reason.

Now the way of a man with a camp is strange, and I speak from much experience. His methods are his own, and he refuses to change them; for men are much like cats, as fixed in their habits, and as prone when led away from them to wander back. The more professional the camper, the more fixed is his method. And this is his method.

(Be it understood that I do not here refer to the head of the family. He acquired his camping habits with a woman, and knows her feminine partiality to dish-towels.)

First of all, he finds a camp site. He appears to base this selection entirely to the proximity of fishing and with a complete scorn of mosquitoes and of a level place to spread the beds. Having thus located himself, he builds a fire.

At this he is excellent. One may judge the experience of a camper by the size of his cooking fire. The novice goes down to the creek side and emerges from the thicket dragging a young tree. The real camper puts four stones, or six, in a double row a foot apart, takes six dried leaves, a dozen twigs slivered with his penknife, a box of matches, and—has a fire.

In the meantime the outfit has been unpacked and spread out over the ground. There is a confusion of boxes and sacks, kettles and pans. Your old camper runs his eye over these, and, finding the coffee-pot, at once proceeds to make the coffee. He has no rule about coffee. Roughly speaking, he divides the amount of coffee brought by the number of meals it has to last, dilutes it with two cups of water for each person, and lets it go at that. But there is a type of man who will empty an entire can of the best Mocha into the pot, and the end of that man is tea.

Having put the coffee on the fire, he then proceeds to look for potatoes to peel. The potatoes are, however, in a box, and the

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hatchet cannot be located. When the box is opened at last with a can-opener and a case-knife, the potato-parer is missing. Mad search for the paring-knife. The coffee boils over, and is filled up with water again.

Exactly an hour and forty minutes after the coffee is ready the meal is prepared.

But it is at the serving of the meal that men show how facile is their reversion to savagery.

I like to sit down to my meals. I am perfectly willing to sit on a box or a flat stone or on the ground—except in Mexico, where the safest-appearing grass conceals lurking barbs. But I want a real meal. Therefore when the cook, or that male of the party who has assumed the cooking—it is odd that a man who cannot make a piece of toast for a wife with a headache, after the servants have gone to bed, will cheerfully assume the duties of cook in the open—when this courageous male has called the party to a meal, I do not care to stand in a cloud of smoke, trying to hold a knife and fork, a tin plate, a mug of coffee, a paper napkin, and a sweet smile.

It is here that the presence of a woman may make itself felt for good. A little firmness, which may include hiding the coffee-pot until the psychological moment, a tarpaulin spread on the ground (even if the dog does think it is meant as a bed for him), and the actual placing on that tarpaulin of salt and pepper, bread, butter, and jam, will do much to make camp meals less of a stoking process—and will make, too, for that deliberation of eating which is a part of what should be the leisure of life in the open.

Where plenty of equipment can be taken, I like a sheet-iron camp stove. Its chimney localizes the smoke, for one thing. But it does more than that; it keeps the kettles clean. The professional camper in the West, the man who lives in the open, is very calm about kettles. And he achieves a tea towel, rather often, by the simple means of waiting until the onion sack is empty, and then using that. His dish-washing is primitive. It consists, when he is on the move, of washing his dishes only when they are needed, and he does this in a creek, with a handful of sand. I am not decrying his method, but it is against my housewifely instinct to pack soiled dishes.

Where there is a permanent camp, and the feminine members of the party have rashly assumed the cooking, a sheet-iron stove is indispensable, since it obviates stooping to a certain degree. It is easily portable and its methods are simple. Being bottomless, it is simply set over the cooking fire.

A camp stove and a reflector oven. How many battles I have fought over the reflector oven! And how seldom I have won! Your old camper has one love, and only one—a Dutch oven. And it has its uses. If one cares for duck for breakfast, there is nothing more delicious than Dutch-oven duck. Cleaned and seasoned, the ducks are placed in the oven, as many as it will hold or as many as the hunters have brought in. No water is used.

While the ducks have been preparing, or being prepared, if your list has included a spade, the willing member of the party—there is always a willing member—is digging a hole with it. If you have not brought a spade, the ground is being hollowed out with a hatchet, the bread-knife, the cake-turner, and a few remarks. Having the hole slightly larger than the oven, wait until the cook's back is turned and then steal some of the cooking fire and drop it into the hole. When the ground is hot, place the Dutch oven in the excavation, put on its iron lid, cover the lid with red-hot embers, and then shovel back the earth with the cake-turner.

In the morning there is the duck or chicken or quail or venison, cooked to an amazing tenderness. Not a particle of the flavor has escaped.

But the Dutch oven for bread is another matter. Now camp bread is of two sorts, biscuits and flapjacks. If there is anything more difficult than to toss a large and flabby flapjack, it is to digest it. Biscuits, therefore, are the safest form. And for biscuits I will take issue with the oldest camper on the Dutch oven. To remove them at that exact golden-brown moment which is essential is to watch them carefully. And to watch them carefully is, at each peep, to move a hollow iron lid filled with embers.

The reflector oven, instead of employing the clandestine methods of the Dutch oven, is open and aboveboard. It presents its fearless bright and shining tin interior to the world and the camp fire. It nestles beside the blaze like a kitten on the hearth. Under its influence little round pads of dough swell like spring buds before one's hungry eyes. The first golden tinge is the proper signal for putting the coffee on the fire. And when that golden shade deepens here and there to the warmer tints of oak leaves in autumn, bring the butter in its crock from where it has been cooling in the creek and sit you down to your bacon and biscuits and coffee and to such bright reflection as that of the little tin oven.

Tents are nuisances except for the permanent camp. Even then they are better reserved as dressing tents, although in mosquito regions a tent with a netting fly is a comfort. They are cumbersome to carry, troublesome to put up, and as open to the air as a Brussels carpet. The sickliest child is better for sleeping out on the ground, and even a summer rain does not spell catastrophe. Excellent bed-rolls are sold now, of mattress, blankets, and pillows, all inclosed in a waterproof cover. For rain there is a flap to draw over the head.

There is a new and strange thrill in lying out under the sky. One meets the stars again. Also one learns things about them. Not until I had slept out in this manner did I learn that the dipper upsets during the night. Also, I have learned the hypocrisy of the heavens, in that rain can fall out of a clear sky. It is almost insulting to lie admiring the star-lit zenith and to receive directly in the right eye a large and bursting drop of rain.

For rainy days, of course, there must be some shelter. The dressing tent will answer, but it is rather amusing to build one's own shelter. This should be undertaken, however, before the weather breaks. I have known of some excellent dispositions and entirely amicable family relations being disturbed by the necessity of building a hut during a tornado. And in Mexico, recently, I was compelled to lie for hours in my bed-roll under a "tarp" while in a hundred-mile gale our men cut palm leaves for such a purpose. And all the while the pool in which I lay rose about my hair mattress as inevitably as an incoming tide.

Old clothing, heavy shoes, and plenty of warm things, with a slicker for each member of the party—these are the essentials. Nights are cold in the open, even in the semi-tropical countries. Khaki seems the best all-around wear, supplemented with sweaters. With warm clothing, plenty of food and blankets, and a determination to preserve the family *entente cordiale* through every emergency, the camping trip for the family should be an unqualified success. But there is one element not yet provided for.

The novelty of the outdoors life wears off after a bit. Primitive housekeeping does not fill all the daylight hours. So there should be amusement.

Fishing is attractive only to the elect. It requires the soul of a philosopher, the leisure of a poet, and the hope of a Second Adventist. The lure of quiet pools is for those who have found in life itself the call to peace.

Yet the youngsters must be amused. Games are for the house. At their best they are for the shelter of home, with the world shut out. They need a fireside. For the boys, and often for the girls, the one game which never palls, which is endlessly interesting, is shooting. Every boy should know how to use a gun, and how not to misuse it, to load it, fire it, and—but here lies the way of misery!—to clean it after he has used it. My own boys were given small rifles almost as early as they could carry them. I myself learned to shoot when I was a very young mother, and my rifle range was a long old-fashioned cellar with a furnace pipe just above the target.

By shooting I do not necessarily mean hunting. The wanton desire to kill for the sake of killing is easily cured by a simple rule that only killing for food is permissible, and that everything killed must be eaten. But I must confess that a rigid adherence to that rule would have provided some strange meals for us at times.

Now that we have learned that our only safety is to make every man and boy a potential soldier, when universal military training must come if our Republic is to survive, I should like to see our boys being taught to shoot just as we have always

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taught them to swim, to meet emergency. The boy trained to firearms is never reckless. It is the boy who knows neither their use nor their danger who commits his careless crimes of youth and ignorance.

So the family camping trip may have many benefits. It brings together those whom the involved days and useless trappings of life have kept apart. It brings health and simplicity, and a closer contact with the earth and the lovely things of the earth. It gives perspective, too, for in the open the unimportant drops away and is forgotten. And by showing us our country, not as a thing of houses and streets, of newspapers and gossip and a million trivialities, but as a great mother earth, feeding and caring for her child Nation, it renews our faith in it and ourselves.

HEALING STREAMS

A FISHING STORY

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

"A DRY Martini, first."

The order surprised me and caused me to look across the table; I had never known him to drink before dinner time.

We were lunching at a downtown club—Philemon L. Powers and I. The room was filled with two hundred or more well-groomed, keen-faced New York business men. As they passed our table coming in or going out, nearly every one nodded or threw a friendly word to my host. He was equally well known to the bankers, the brokers, the railway magnates, the coal barons, the shipping fraternity, and the nondescript individuals who coalesced into a class about five o'clock at the Union League, and into another class later in the evening at one of the university clubs.

"A dry Martini, first."

The waiter, scarcely less insinuatingly, but slightly more impertinently, than his type at the hotel I frequented, said:

"Yes, sir, Mr. Powers; a dry Martini, sir."

But there was just the faintest tinge of surprise in his tone, or I thought there was.

"The coal situation hasn't improved at all, and probably never will until they put the whole matter back where it belongs—in Secretary Lane's hands. We all expected transportation to break down; the Government has really operated the roads through the Inter-State Commerce Commission by means of rates for a generation, and now confesses its previous incompetency by operating them by ukase. You can't starve the land without starving the crop, and you can't starve the crop without starving the farmer; so we let the railways go lean for thirty years, and now we are surprised that every mill and factory in the country is hungry for raw material."

His voice was level and firm, but it rasped. And yet Powers was reputed to be the most inveterate optimist below City Hall.

"England and France sent us commissioners, men who really knew the game, and they poured out experience which had the hallmark of scars upon it, but we learned nothing. Here is what I hear about ship-building. . . . . And this is what they tell me concerning the aircraft programme. . . . . I got these facts about high explosives direct from. . . . . ."

Bitterness grew more marked as he proceeded; it made his lip curl and put hardness into his eyes; his fingers crumbled the rye bread and his chops were untouched. For a half-hour Powers talked of the things he knew, and with each sentence he disclosed a man I had never seen before.

"And I have two boys over there with Pershing—all I have left in the world—you know them. My God, if only Washington—"

A swift gesture as he threw his napkin aside upset an untouched cup of coffee.

Outside, on Broadway, a few dispirited rays of sunshine struggled down to the floor of the canyon. As we moved toward the Battery it seemed to me that the men we met lacked snap and *verve;* they walked as if the pride of life had been smitten, they acted as though they had been frustrated in a great endeavor. Powers noticed it too, and spoke apologetically.

"New York cannot shorten its stride to the Washington gait. Doing big things in a little way and urgent things as if we could lounge through eternity makes us nervous. I ought to have gone to Florida for February and March, as in other years; but with two boys under Pershing I thought I might be needed here. Damn it, what does it matter how much I know or what I can do if I'm labeled a friend of Roosevelt? Why—"

We were in the deepest part of the canyon, but just then the sunshine reached down and touched me with something like a caress. The granite walls seemed to fade away, and I saw a bit of land I love well, where the fields run up to the forest, and the frogs strum in the twilight, and the loons cry on the lake at night.

"Powers," I said, "you need a change, a complete change. We must go fishing."

I laid my hand on his arm and we let the crowd swirl past. And there, while a stream of nervous, irritable, depressed, and humiliated men went by, I told him of Louis Hall, who knew all the waters of the lower Adirondacks, and all the trout in all the waters, and all the flies that the trout like, and all the birds that eat the flies, and all the trees and shrubs in which the birds live, and all the stars that shine above the trees, and, perhaps, all the realities that lie beyond the stars.

As I left him I found myself saying, "When he gets on a trout stream he will not need a Martini, and when he has had a week in the woods the Government will not be content to do without him."

II

Powers and Louis eyed each other with distrust, or disdain, or envy, I could not tell which. It was my fault undoubtedly. I had spoken too enthusiastically to the New Yorker about the guide and I had written too eulogistically about the financier. They stood side by side at the head of the Long Pool, the one in a faultless sport suit, holding a new and expensive rod, and the other shaggy and dirty, straightening out a leader.

"Quank, quank, quank, quank!"

"What's that?" asked Powers.

"Bird; nuthatch," Louis said, bluntly, and continued to dip and pull the leader taut.

It was not like Louis, who usually gave information gladly and graciously. His knowledge had been absorbed so unconsciously that he allowed it to pour out as though he were thinking aloud. He seemed to have a way of hearing things that made no sound, of seeing things that did not appear, and of feeling things that he could not touch. He could tell you a hundred intimate items about the living things, furred or feathered, which the naturalists do not know; he seemed instinctively to feel the romance, to understand the psychology, to interpret the reasoning, of the tiniest creature. And generally he talked about such matters with infinitely more ease and confidence than a banker does of money or a merchant of fabrics. "About the time the kinglets came through," he would say, "I saw there was going to be an early summer and lots of berries, so I wrote to Mr. Gray that we'd be sure to get a couple of bear about the end of June."

The sky was overcast and the Long Pool dark and still. Being rigged first, I cast for luck and took my fish without trouble all the way to the net through deep, open water.

"What did you use?" Louis called to me.

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"March-brown and Shad-fly," I answered.

Powers smoked his cigarette and watched me creel my catch without interest. He told me afterward that it all looked so preposterously easy and simple that he wondered how it could engage human intelligence. "A cast, a straining line, a bent rod, and in two minutes the show was over."

"Up stream or down?" Louis put the question to the financier with an abruptness that was curt.

"It doesn't matter," Powers replied.

"Yes, it does," said Louis, "because you've got to fish dry or wet."

There was no doubt now in my mind—Powers and Louis were mutually antagnostic. Horrible! It was the one thing I had not thought of, the one contingency I had not provided for, the one situation I could not have imagined. Neither man was ill-natured, and neither man knew enough of the other to have grounds for dislike. The day was unusually quiet, the woods were a mist of tender green, the stream was alternately a rich, sheeny brown and a rush of shining silver; there was the drone of insects in the air, often relieved by the call of a bird in nest-building time; and there was no hurry, there were no appointments, no duties—none of the trivial impertinences of civilization.

Of course it would have been fatal if I had taken Powers away from Louis, so I directed them down-stream together. I was glad to be alone, for that first short half-day of fishing the Long Pool was all I needed. The place was as serene as the soul of a babe, just the environment to heal the sores that had been kept festering by the news of the winter. And five trout in the first hour! One had put up a rare fight; I hooked him on a short left-hand cast, close to an undercut bank; he rushed and sulked in turn; he tore up-stream almost to my feet until my arms ached with reeling over my head; twice he broke water unexpectedly; once he had the line all but snarled in some loose brush; even to the end he made short rushes and snubbed or shook his head viciously. When it was over and the last thrill had subsided into the depths of memory, I sat down with my back against a fallen tree and drank contentedly of the stillness—the musical stillness of a thousand perfect harmonies. How far away Ypres, Cambrai, Toul, Verdun seemed! How remote the Yser, the Somme, the Jordan, and the Tigris! Why should the heavies roar, and the machine guns rat-tat, and the rifles crackle, spreading pain and death and horror among mankind, when the heart might have all it wanted of peace and joy in a place as simple as this? Madness must have infected half the race!

A half-mile down the stream I found Powers and Louis sitting one on either side of a woods road. They did not see or hear me.

"I suppose you know all there is to know about this part of the world," Powers remarked to the guide, in a colorless and humanless voice.

"No, I don't; no one does," Louis said, aggressively. "There's always a chance for anybody to learn more if he doesn't think he knows it all himself."

"Well, what more could you learn about the woods?"

"Millions of things," Louis said; "millions of things. Last year I guided for a man who showed me more about the plants and flowers than I could have found out alone in a thousand years. But you've got to know you don't know afore you can begin to get any knowledge. He showed me which was yellow adder's-tongues, bloodroots, Dutchman's-breeches, hepaticas, trilliums, and lots of other flowers that don't grow with their names labeled on them. There ain't any money in learning such things, though, so I guess that's why they ain't reckoned of much—"

Louis was just finishing the last sentence with deliberate emphasis when he saw me and stopped abruptly.

III

Our second day of sport was not a success. Shadow Lake, when conditions are just right, is the finest fly surface in the lower Adirondacks. But conditions could not have been worse, and if Louis had been normal he would never have sanctioned the expedition. Unfortunately, the evening before Powers had said something about fishing from a boat; Louis evidently saw the chance of giving him some perverse satisfaction.

During the night two or three thunder-storms broke, and torrents of mud had been carried down the hillsides into the lake. The wind blew a gale all day; the water was rough as well as dark; the boat could not be held in one place or even in a given direction; one man had to bale all the time.

The only satisfaction was the sky. Its blue was of the rarest—deep, remote, rich. The cloud masses were sometimes fantastic and sometimes sublime in their unarranged order; there were continents and islands of pure white sailing overhead; they moved occasionally according to mental prediction, but more often with amazing irregularity; just when it seemed as if several banks would merge into a vast woolly mountain they were smoothed out sheer across the vault like an alabaster causeway, only to melt away, one knew not how. From the alternations of sunlight and moving shadow one saw every imaginable shade of green on the wooded hillsides. Now and then a mountain peak caught a radiance which turned its point to gold above the contrasting flanks of olive deepening to brown. The wavelets on the lake looked like gleaming teeth as they broke out from a black reflection. It was all wild and restless and passionate, like a fugue upon an organ played with such a furious *tempo* that the *motif* cannot be discerned.

Casting a heavy gang of flies in a comparatively sheltered bay, I raised two or three small trout, but the work was irritating and not worth the effort. There was nothing left but to tramp back to the Inn. The four-mile trail across the hills and through the woods had seemed easy in the morning, when hope was strong and the air fresh; but in the afternoon, following several hours of stiff, invigorating wind, the lungs felt pinched, the feet heavy, and the music had died out of the heart. And the woods seemed noisy; a hundred creatures chattered and piped and screeched; it sounded like a conspiracy of impertinences after the solemn dignity of the rushing wind.

In the evening, before the fire, Louis took the initiative in talk. He had evidently intended to take it and keep it. There was something calculated in the manner of choosing and treating his themes—an air of challenge, a note of defiance, a tone satiric and sardonic. He was a different Louis from the one I had known during a dozen seasons in the woods and on the streams. Several of his pronouncements were so positive and provocative that I have no difficulty in recalling them:

"Millionaires don't get any more of the real things than plain men. There ain't a bird in the world sings any sweeter because there's a guy with a check-book a-hangin' round. Trout don't ever ask the price of a rod afore they strike. There's just so much sunshine a-comin' down and everybody gets it all.

"This idea of making the world safe for democracy is all right if it don't fool you. Nobody wants democracy. Everybody wants autocracy or Socialism; but in these times o' censureships folks is afraid to go the whole hog in any direction. Democracy is only a clearing in the woods where the lumbermen live while they're getting out the timber. When we've paid all the costs of this war, we won't have our money's worth, an' the ones that paid the most for democracy will want something better. When anybody talks democracy to me, I don't know if he means Wall Street and Vanderbilt or Jake Price an' his seven motherless children up there by the North Fork, six miles o' trail away from a school-house.

"There's a whole lot of buncombe about making sacrifices for democracy. Old Gudwich, that has the swell camp on Moseley Lake, is makin' money hand over fist—millions of it; and young Gudwich, that has a bigger camp on the other side of Moseley, is just over fightin' age, and he's makin' heaps o' money too, and spending it like fury, puttin' wire all round his place, buildin' hard roads, startin' a fish hatchery, and hirin' gamekeepers that wear trousers down to their knees an' leather leggins. Then poor old Mary Peet had her two boys, Dick and Bill, took for the Army; Dick was drafted an' Bill enlisted in the city without knowing Dick was goin'; so now poor old Mary ain't got a soul to run the place an' the plow has still got the winter rust on it. When the boys get back from the war, that sort o' democracy 'll be reckoned a kind of blood relation o' autocracy, and they'll push on to Socialism. When you get marchin' with real ideas, there ain't no stopping at half-way houses.

"What do I mean by Socialism? Not just taking money

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away from one man and giving it to another. No, sir; I mean giving everybody the same chance to enjoy things an' do things. Socialism would even make eyes grow in the souls of rich New York men. If they could hear the sap a-rushing up the maples in March, an' feel the ferns awaking in April, an' see the breath o' spring a-greening all the tops o' the woods, an' understand from the song o' the birds how the new nest was getting along, an' know what the river is a-saying in the moonlight; if they could lay oper a cord o' stove wood in a forenoon, an' drive lumber with the first freshet, an' just eat an' sleep for a spell with the men a-gettin' out the big stuff away back—if the poor New York men could have all o' that instead o' livin' all day in them coffins they call offices, they might know somethin' better than they get out o' the newspapers. Socialism only says that money can't kill any more men."

"I'm a Socialist by my own way o' thinkin', not one o' the dynamite kind. This is how I figure it: Autocracy says, All yours is mine; democracy says, All mine is my own; Socialism says, All mine is yours. An' that's mighty nigh religion, too, as the 'postle Paul lined it out."

Louis was obviously raining his blows upon Powers, but the financier hardly noticed the attack; he smoked his cigarettes with languid indifference, and after a while yawned, wished us good-night, and turned in. Louis looked at me as if to ask my opinion, knocked the ashes from his pipe, kicked a log protruding from the fire, and turned to leave. "Didn't get near enough to gaff him," I thought I heard him say as he opened the door.

IV

Louis was to meet us at noon with the lunch. Everything was propitious for sport on the North Fork—a filmy gray sky, a gentle south breeze, and the stream neither too high nor too low. Powers fished moodily. He filled his boots, tore away his flies on overhead foliage, broke the tip of his rod, fought mosquitoes and punkies with excessive energy, and lost far more trout than he landed. He had relinquished cigarettes in favor of a pipe, and felt austerely virtuous. About the middle of the morning he left the stream and took his own way to the midday rendezvous.

I did not miss him. Fish after fish rose to the fly, and I had a score of battles and a hundred skirmishes. One big fellow took my Black-gnat six inches in the air and fought cunningly and furiously for a quarter of an hour. I could not bring him to the net because a fallen tree sprawled across the brook, and I was forced to climb over it with infinite care and continue the battle in a broken run of water below. Then the sun came out and filtered through the trees like dripping gold. Birds burst into fuller song. The water became too clear for fishing, so I sat down within sight and sound of a merry cascade and opened my mind to any vagrant thoughts that cared to enter. Life seemed to be a very gracious and gentle thing in the aisle of green and gold fretwork, with music pouring upon me from every side—and no duties or tasks for at least forty-eight hours ahead. And yet men—better and wiser than I—were throwing life away at that very moment on the clotted fields of Picardy! Was Amiens worth it? Are cathedrals any more to God than the bare conventicle? It took a considerable effort to throw off the spiritual vulgarity. "They are not dying for cities or for cathedrals; they are dying for life!"

Life! I could not define it. I could only feel it flowing into me—washing out all the nasty accumulations of the year, opening up the sealed fountains, tuning the slack strings of the harp, setting the eyes to a new focus, recasting prose into poetry, and erasing the border line between the temporal and the eternal, the physical and the spiritual. I seemed to know why the birds sing, and why the mother laughs in the midst of her pain when her babe is born, why springtime is a carnival of joy, and why the soldier shouts exultingly when he rushes into the crimson mist of battle. Yes, life is worth dying for!

The sun was high overhead, and I must move down-stream. But here and there a pool held me for a cast or two, and each rise meant a few minutes of delightful delay. At the foot of Indian Ladder Falls I creeled three splendid fish, and time was wiped out. Then I remembered Powers and Louis, and their unaccountable mutual animosity put a deep shadow upon my mind. I must hurry; there seemed no hope of pacifying or reconciling them, but I might divert the talk into neutral channels.

Louis met me with radiant face. "Grub's ready," he said, "and Mr. Powers is mighty hungry. I mended that tip and showed him how to float his flies where the overhead is low. He landed several good-sized ones, an' he did it pretty clever, too. Quick on takin' up things, he is."

Here was my old Louis again—happy, enthusiastic, and generous. What had happened?

"An' he told me about the Liberty bonds and the sinkin' funds, an' why the next generations ought to pay some of the cost of the war, and how the other nations don't really get money from us but only credit, an' about how it was really our fight from the very beginnin', only our eyes were shut up with fat so as we couldn't see it—an' he put it all so straight an' clear that any ignoramus could take it in. He's some big man, is Mr. Powers."

I decided to take down my rod, simply to give Louis more time to talk.

"An' Mr. Powers has got two boys with Pershing!"

The words came out slowly, solemnly, and with finality, like a Supreme Court verdict.

"Two boys with Pershing!" Louis repeated, reverently. "Two boys with Pershing; all he's got in the world!"

During the afternoon I fished alone under a sky that rapidly grew darker until a gentle rain began to fall; a warm rain which almost instantly put a livelier green upon every living thing and filled the air with rare odors and changed the key in which the birds sang and brought out swarms of flies and gnats along the edge of the brook. The trout were less discriminating toward the lure, and they struck with more vigor. And I hummed as I fished—plaintive melodies which welled up unbidden from the lower chambers of memory; little ballads of sorrow lustered with joy and fear, fringed with hope; quaint memories of twilight peace such as the troubadours must have loved in their old age. I thought too of the new courage that had taken possession of the souls of men and women, a new courage which had its birth in a new valuation of all things, and which would lead us out into a new world where the only dead things would be the old slogans and shibboleths, the old distinctions and differentiations, the old orthodoxies and heresies. Louis, for instance, seemed to have passed out into that new world at a bound.

Powers joined me on the piazza of the Inn just before supper. "What's the prospect for to-morrow?" he asked with cheerful anxiety; "because Louis has promised to take me over to Shadow Lake if the weather is right, just to wipe out the remembrance of the bad time we had there yesterday. He wants me to break the record on casting from a boat."

Then, without waiting for answer or comment, the financier rattled on in a meditative but buoyant vein:

"How far is New York from here? Not in miles or hours, but in the art of living. And poor old Washington, with its muddle of red tape and its panting bureaucrats fussing like inspired futility in the name of democracy, and its amateurs persuading every one but the Huns that they are experts! They need Louis down there for a while. Some man, that guide of yours—never fools any one because he never fools himself, thinks straight because each word he knows has only one meaning, understands things because he never admits an opinion into his mind before having fought it all round on the assumption that it is false.

"Louis says the best point about fishing is that it starts you thinking of everything but the fish, and that just when you are thinking so deep that you are stirring up the mud at the bottom along comes a rise, and you have to rest your mind for a while; after that it goes back again into clear water. I can think enough in New York, but I can't stop thinking—thoughts never get checked up there. I'm going straight back from here and do something to win the war. What? Why, anything. For more than a year now I've wanted to correct everything that every duffer has done wrong; ached, literally ached to straighten out the messed-up ship-building programme, and then the machine-gun muddle, and after that the fuel fiasco; and all along I've fretted to start a kindergarten in business methods for the War Department. I've slept for months with the ghosts of what-might-have-been-done—nights of nightmare. Yes, I'm going

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back to do something, anything, anywhere, under any one. And I'll carry my entire outfit with me—engineers, office force, bank connections, personal credit, and every plant in which I've got even an interest. Or I'll strip myself and go it alone—run an elevator in the Senate office building or empty cuspidors in the Secretary of War's office or drive a flivver for the Red Cross or sell cigarettes for the Y. M. C. A. Louis says you can't think straight if you do nothing but think.

"Louis says he isn't going to guide any more this year. As soon as he gets through with us he expects to run old Mary Peet's farm for her—her two boys are with Pershing, you know."

Powers paused for a moment, cleared his throat, and said slowly:

"Louis has a boy with Pershing, too; he told me all about him this afternoon."

THE SPORTSMAN'S CREED

BY TRAVERS D. CARMAN

MY daddy was the best sportsman I ever knew. Not in the sense of having hunted everywhere, but as a lover of the great outdoors—as a man to whom a day in the open with devoted setter and only son were infinitely dear. The birds killed were only incidental to the "great adventure," while the frost on the sumac, the smell of the fallen leaves, the homely beauty of corn-fields dotted with yellow pumpkins, the grace of the white birch, the blue of the sky, the brilliancy of turning foliage, and the whispering silence of the edge of the woods were each worthy of comment and contributed largely to the joy of the hunt.

Let MacElroy, his famous English setter, winner of many blue ribbons, "make game," and finally "freeze on point," after having assured himself with nervous backward glance that we were behind him ready to shoot, and my father would invariably take this moment to dilate on the beauty of the scene. What did I care then for anything but the slaughter of whatever was ahead of the dog! and MacElroy, I am sure, sympathized with me in my impatience at such times—but those were in the long-ago days when I was only learning my first lessons in "The Sportsman's Creed."

Three events stand out particularly well defined in memory and will illustrate, perhaps most effectively, the sportsman's creed of my father.

On the opening day of the quail season one fall, we had hunted, perhaps, for several hours before MacElroy found and pointed a covey of quail. When the birds got up, my father made a beautiful "right and left." MacElroy, retrieving each bird, proudly placed them with reverential care in my father's hand. After smoothing down the feathers of the birds, remarking on their beauty, and caressing the setter for his splendid work, he threw his unloaded gun over his shoulder, and, turning to me, said: "We have had a perfect day, son; come on, let's go home." My day had just begun, and in a most glorious fashion. His apparently was ended, with no explanation. I was so busily occupied for the following fifteen minutes choking down sobs that refused to stay down and hiding my tears that I was a silent and sorry partner, indeed, on the way home.

It was, I think, the following fall (I know I was still too young to have a gun) when we were hunting through a young birch and alder cut-off on a side hill so dearly loved by woodcock. I had become separated from my father. I heard the whistle of a bird as he rose, and wondered why my father did not shoot. I immediately hunted him up, and, to my impatient question, he replied: "I didn't know where you were, son, and all the woodcock in the land are not worth one careless shot."

The following fall was a memorable one, not because I was twelve years old, but because I had a shotgun—a single-barrel Hopkins & Allen shotgun which always pounded my shoulder black and blue, and which to me was clear evidence of the mighty shooting qualities of the gun, and the black and blue spots only a mark of honor.

MacElroy had gone to the happy hunting-grounds of all good dogs, and we were hunting that fall with a young Gordon setter named Baby Quinn, and named after the then Comptroller, Peter T. Quinn, of New Jersey, by whom the setter had been presented to my dad. We were hunting along the edge of a corn-field in the thick weeds when Baby Quinn, who had been quartering at a rapid gait, checked himself so suddenly that he well-nigh turned a somersault, and stood on point. A small covey of quail got up. I shot at random in the general direction of the flock. My father shot once with deliberation and slightly after I did, and killed a bird. Handing the quail to me, he said: "That was a good shot you made, son." I knew I hadn't shot that bird. I knew my daddy knew I hadn't. But the lesson

MacELROY RETRIEVING A QUAIL

MacElroy, dear to my daddy and me—faithful, devoted, and affectionate, the only dog I've ever hunted over who never merited a reprimand or required "handling"

was a vital one that all sportsmen should instinctively know by heart.

Now, as I am breaking my own son in on the hunting field, the sportsman's creed that my daddy so well taught me returns with vital significance—a creed that may apply to life in all its aspects, and, if followed, make us in all ways worthy of the title of a "thoroughbred sportsman."

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THE GUN AS A WEAPON OF EDUCATION

LESSONS FROM THE LONG TRAIL THAT GOES 'WAY AROUND BEYOND THE BLEAK AND BARREN MOUNTAINS OF MERE MARKSMANSHIP TO THE HAPPY VALLEY OF TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP

BY EDWARD CAVE[1]

NO doubt you have always had a liking for the way the British Tommies have of asking each other, "Are we downhearted?" and then roaring out, "No!"

So have I. Just to think of it bucks a fellow up, as they also say. Helps you answer some of your own pet questions, too. For example, suppose you and I were here to ask the readers of The Outlook: "Did your folks consider a gun was as good for a boy as his school-books?" In imagination we'd get an answer that would ameliorate every boyhood adversity we suffered, and, what is more, would make us as proud of every reader as if he were David Harum himself. From Cape Race to Mendocino, and from the Yukon to the Rio Grande, such a shout of triumphant and cheerful "Noes" from men who lived to get a gun in spite of every objection and handicap!

To strike an average, that was probably thirty years ago. Yet the "Noes" still have it.

Could we have commandeered them, we would have given all the arithmetics in the county, and some really useful things to boot, for the rustiest old Tower musket, wouldn't we? And could our good but unsympathetic elders have realized the educational value to a boy of something he could bounce a ramrod out of, why, they might at least have been less enthusiastic on the subject of school-books.

If I may digress a little, I believe it is a fundamental principle of education that experience has no superior as a teacher. Assuming that this is true, it follows that our tap-root experiences, those which run straight and strong right back to where we started, should be our main avenues of acquiring knowledge. Admitting that it does, if only for the sake of working out a hunter's theory, what sort of a back trail is that over which man has come with a gun on his shoulder?

A broad trail and a bloody one, indeed. A veritable Amazon of gore many times magnified on the globe of human experience. Its mouth to-day in France and its true source far, far beyond where the first bow-gun was strung—down all the years of bows and arrows it runs, broad and red, past the day of David and his humble yet effective little sling, back to the flinging of the first missile. In the language of the day, some highway, such as it is! Yet a highway of education; one of the most traveled routes whereby we humans have arrived here—wherever we are.

Not to attempt to moralize where there is so much to justify, so much to condemn, and so much that we really know nothing about, does not all this point to a very strong prenatal influence? In short, does not that huge old red scar of experience give a boy a double right to want a gun? Is it not one of the most natural things in the world for him to be gun-hungry, and another of the most natural things in the world for him to add measurably to his mental and moral stature from experience acquired with a gun? It is—or, anyhow, it was in my case.

There was no heirloom firearm in our house, nor any other kind. Worse luck! there was neither uncle nor aunt to die and leave one behind. One friend of the family there was with commendable characteristics—a cousin, in fact. But, as he said, his boys were all girls, and he therefore was not to blame for not investing in a gun to lend us. There was, however, another cousin, whom we had never counted on, and through him the most unexpected thing came to happen.

He came in the early fall to pay us a visit, primed with conversation and polished off with city clothes, and almost the first thing he did was to go over and borrow old man Biggar's gun. The very same gun with which the said Mr. Biggar had, in the presence of my two brothers and me, but recently threatened the life of our bob-tailed collie, Victor, for the display of extra zeal in chasing the Biggar pigs out of our pea field.

It had two barrels, its stock was red and polished like a fiddle, and it was surprisingly light and easy to handle. William, who declared that he had one time shot a bear, had the powder and shot flasks, and we accompanied him to the village store to get them filled. He also bought a box of caps, and with a newspaper for wadding was ready, supposedly, for the next bear.

We did not expect that a bear would be found, despite the frights we had received from burned stumps on sundry summer evenings when we came home from errands afoot and alone. None had been killed in that part of the country in a good many years. But it never occurred to us that William's ammunition was adapted for birds instead of for bears until after he had gone back to the city. Then we were mad.

William having been quite heedless of the anxious suggestions of the grown folks concerning a return of Mr. Biggar's courtesy, and I having at the last moment been prudently called back from the bear hunt—which resulted in the killing of one small butcher bird—it became my "privilege" to return the gun. I may say in passing that Mr. Biggar had no especial grudge against me, never having argued politics with me nor chased me away from his green-gage trees, and, besides, my elder brother had to plow that day.

It was a still Saturday in early October, a morning of soft sunlight and violet haze, with a faint smell of wood smoke in the air—one of those days that make the heart sing if the head has in it any sense of appreciation. Never before had I walked alone with a gun in my hands, nor even shot one off. Now here was I, with a gun over my shoulder, a pair of powder and shot flasks at my hips, a box of caps rattling in my pockets, and *a load in each barrel of that gun!* And only twelve years old!

Needless to say, although Mr. Biggar's farm was the next one up the road, I cut across the fields to the village, a mile away, to get the mail before disturbing him.

There was nothing to shoot in the fields, nor in Devlin's small woods-lot, so I came to the village with both barrels still loaded. The blacksmith's home being the only one where there was a boy, I went there to explain about having to take Mr. Biggar's gun back.

"I wish you would shoot that kitten," said the blacksmith's wife.

We always had whacked them on the head and then drowned them—not at all a nice way of doing it. Now here was a chance to even matters up with a neat job. I took up the kitten to carry it away to some proper place for the execution, and it promptly and viciously bit my soft and gentle thumb!

There was a cherry tree there beside the porch, and while the blacksmith's wife held her ears and her boy was hunting a sack to put the kitten in, I tossed the evil-tempered little brute up into the tree. When it had climbed up where I could shoot it without hitting anything else but the tree, I did so. And as it turned out, it really was a neat job.

Brutal? Certainly. Nevertheless only a little red splash in that vast old Red River of Marksmanship we were visualizing a while ago, so don't blame the gun.

I told Mr. Biggar, and he just grunted. I told my brothers when I got home. My elder brother said, "That's nothing," and Jim, being nine years old, wisely asked, "Why didn't y' shoot both barrels?"

Then I tried it on grandpa. He frowned.

"You've made a good start in marksmanship, lad," said he, "but a bad start in sportsmanship. It is cowardly to kill anything just for the sake of killing. You should have let Mrs. Joyce kill her own kitten."

Grandpa had a big advantage in being English and a man who commanded respect. Nearly all of the very little I had read of hunting pertained to its practice in England, and gave the impression that in this sport, above all others, one must

[1] Mr. Cave was for several years the editor of "Recreation," which during that time was one of the most popular monthly publications devoted to unorganized outdoor sports.

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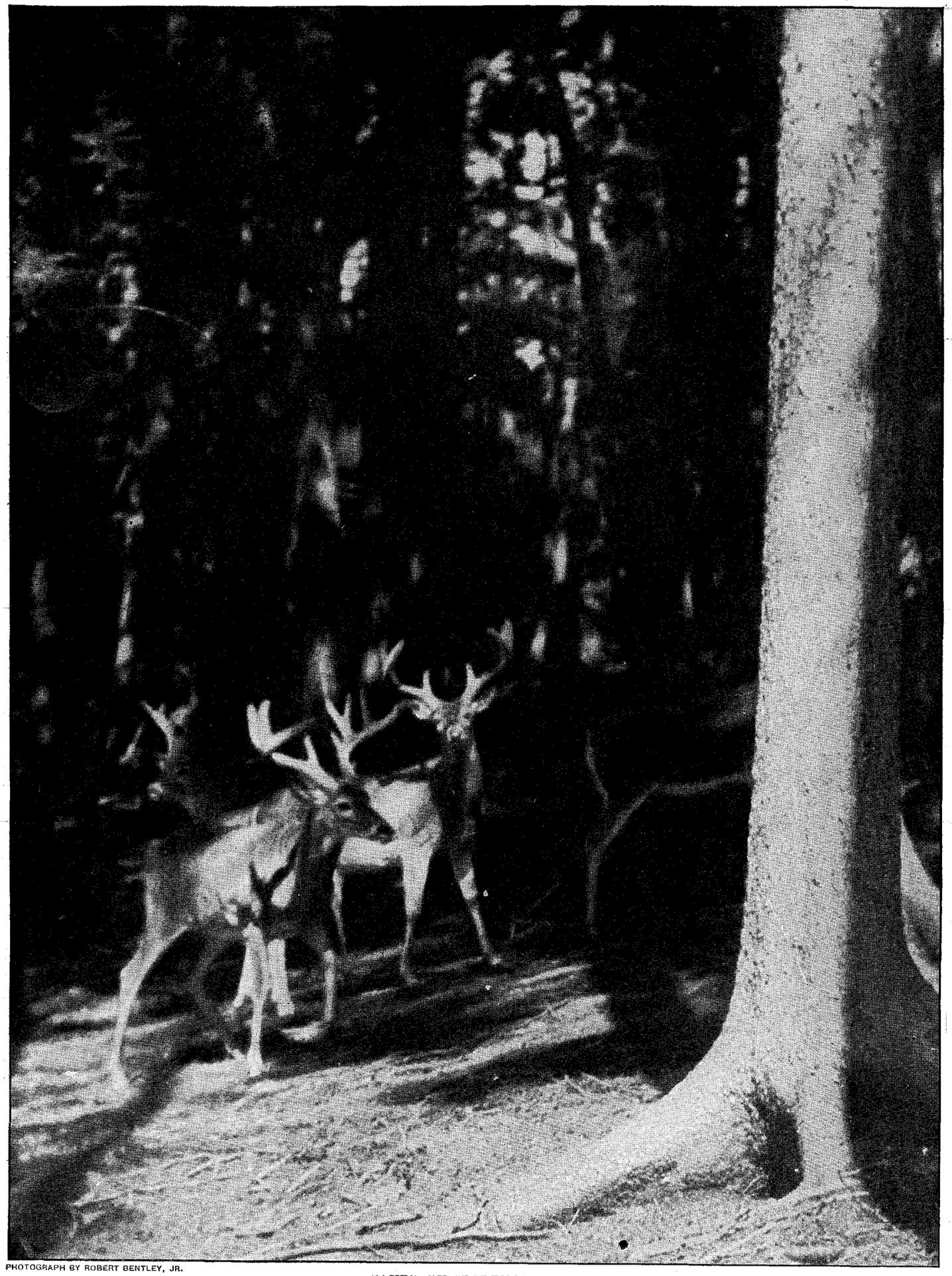

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BENTLEY, JR.

SAVED BY SPORTSMANSHIP

These splendid Adirondack deer, photographed wild in the forest near Saranac Lake, are typical specimens of the more than ten thousand of their kind running wild in the State of New York, thanks to practical conservation. Mere marksmanship would have killed them all off long ago, but sportsmanship has maintained them, to yield a perpetual supply of venison in return

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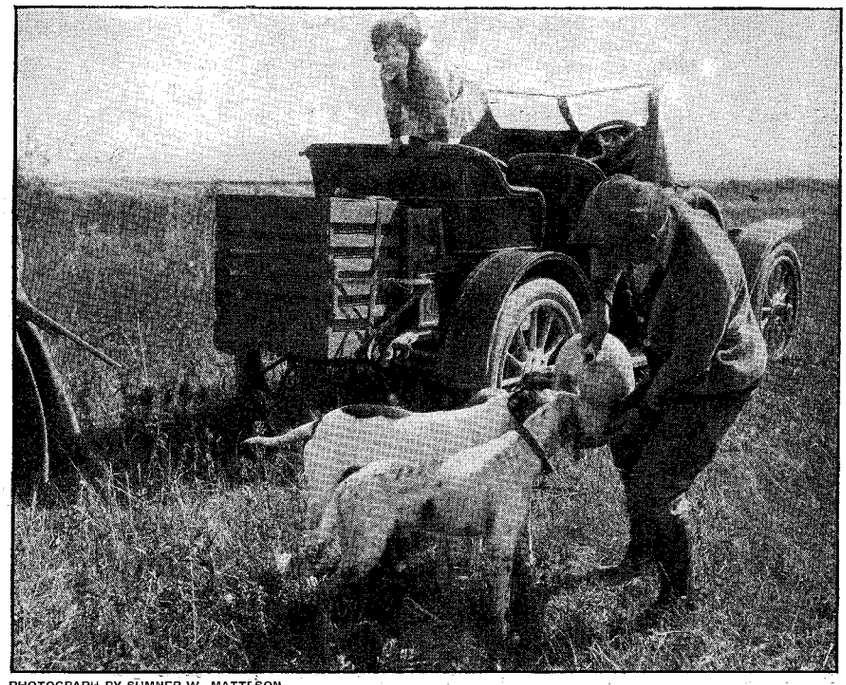
PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD CAVE

LEARNING TO DO IT RIGHT

The Boy Scouts make fine beginners in marksmanship and sportsmanship, or, let us say, sportsman marksmanship, because it is their code to do things right



PHOTOGRAPH BY SUMNER W. MATTESON

THAT TASTES GOOD!

A marksman is good to his guns, but a sportsman is good to his dogs as well; which is only another way of saying that the education you get out of a gun depends upon how you use it

always be a gentleman. So humbled was I that I there mentally resolved henceforward to shoot no cats except tom-cats, and give them a chance to run.

Alas that it is so often a long time between tom-cats! No opportunity to retrieve my lost pride came until I had with my own money bought my first gun. However, it was worth waiting for, because the tom-cat of my resolve turned out to be a wild cottontail rabbit. But let me tell about the gun.

Usually among hunters the subject of your first gun serves as a sort of bait, and before you get a chance really to tell about *your* gun everybody else has had in his oar and told about his, and as likely as not your tale is so overshadowed that you just can't get it on record. I remember once starting in about that gun of mine and having a fellow cut in on me with a wooden one—a real wooden gun which he had made himself and hunted with, actually hunted partridges. He would chase those wise birds all over the woods, "shooting" at them when he flushed them, and could tell how many he "got," how many he missed, and how many fooled him, as partridges had such a way of doing even as long ago as that. A shrewd bit of maneuvering it was, too, for not only did it result in his being presented with a real gun, and a good one, as a paternal reward for his earnestness and enthusiasm, but when he did he was already an accomplished hunter and straightway most handsomely justified the gift. That boy's father, however, was one of the foremost educators in Massachusetts.

Well, as I was going to say—but, pshaw! why break such a good record for *not* telling about it? After all, it was just a rusty old muzzle-loading musket, and I have no grounds to expect that you are any more interested in it than the many others who have had an opportunity of hearing about it.

As I have said, I shot a rabbit. If that rabbit only had known how close it came to being a squirrel, it might have died happy. You see, there was a squirrel 'way up on a big limb of a hickory tree, and in backing around the tree, endeavoring to get on the same side as the squirrel, which craftily kept always on the other side of the limb, I stumbled against a stump. In a hole in the bottom of this stump was a rabbit. Had it stayed there, I never would have seen it; but, rabbit-like, it thought the running was better than the hiding just then, and took a chance. I have since then missed so many running rabbits with high-priced guns that I wish I could have seen myself hit that one and learned how I did it.

A boy who gets a rabbit and a fox squirrel—not a little red squirrel, mind you, but a real game animal, bigger than a gray squirrel, just as wild, and as good in a pot-pie—inside an hour after leaving home on his first hunting trip does not mind a bloody nose the least bit, and will tell you his gun does not kick too hard; it is his nose that bleeds too easily. I know, because my nose did too.

With even such a gun the great book of nature is opened for a boy in a way to hold his attention. Primarily, of course, our inherited desire for a gun springs from the old, old instinct to get food—an instinct, by the way, which it is highly necessary to preserve. My dentist tells me our teeth plainly indicate that nature never intended we should be entirely vegetarian in our diet. And my doctor says that in the colder countries man positively requires meat. Down all the thousands of years before chemistry and dietetics were thought of, urged by that instinct which maintains headquarters in the midst of us and makes such regular and insistent demands for something that will stick to our ribs, our ancestors just as instinctively sought meat as being both desirable and necessary to fill a large part of that demand. So, to begin with, a big-enough boy has the very best of reasons for being allowed to have a gun, and I am not going to try to support the idea on any other grounds. Why, if one did, before one got through one would have to justify the righteous use of arms in every war on earth, to say nothing of the local encounter between constable and criminal; and when one had done that one would be compelled to go on and similarly justify every contention in our well-balanced universe, from the wars of the elements to the battles of the world of atoms. And so many blameless lives already vainly spent in trying to figure out, for example, which of the two thousand species of ants have the best soldiers, why the men ants don't do their fighting, and which a neuter ant would rather be, a soldier or a slave.

As I was about to say, that rusty old musket of mine had a vastly more powerful influence than that which it exerted against my nose. Not, however, that the ordinary kick of a gun is without its value in character development; the boy who learns to stand up to that kick, and like it, will not be so easy to scare at a board meeting when he grows up, nor to whip in a fight in the clouds. There is such a glamour of romance and mystery, of danger and deadly efficiency, about a gun that in itself it commands a deal of respectful admiration, and so can be a wonderful companion for a boy. Together in the hunting season we scoured the countryside when otherwise I would have been kicking around at home, miserable for the want of something worth while to do, consumed with that vague hunger of adolescence which knows not what it wants. And well do I remember what a change came about in my appreciation of nature.

As a country boy I had roved the woods and enjoyed them

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yet I now realize that it was my freedom that gave me most of my pleasure there found. Always I had gone to the woods with my brothers and other boys, a noisy gang, bent on swimming, fishing, picking berries, or gathering nuts. The silent beauty of the forest was largely unnoticed, the plaintively spiritual character of the call of the wood pewee made small impression upon us in our haste. Big boys who were met likewise employed seemed similarly oblivious of the wild charms which later revealed themselves to me and doubtless to others of those same boys when we went into the woods and fields as hunters, each alone with his gun. And why? Simply because the lone hunter goes quietly, is very watchful, his thoughts are undisturbed by idle conversation, his mind is especially receptive to nature's impressions, and the spirit of Esau, true son of nature, possesses him.

Here let me interject that all this has a most important bearing upon our hunter's use of his gun. Regardless of the fact that it is a hard and fast rule of hunters' ethics that there shall be no murder, no killing just for the sake of killing, no cruelty to wounded prey, the reverent attitude of the hunter's mind inspired by his surroundings and the touch of a weapon eloquent of traditions of chivalry, to say nothing of his pious respect for the craft and speed of the cleverly camouflaged game he seeks, predisposes him to play the part of a sportsman

My hunting trips were by no means always as successful as was the first. Like every other boy who becomes a real hunter, I came home many a time with never a hair nor a feather of game to show for a long day's trudge, though there might be plenty of lingering chagrin about me from opportunities let slip. Yes, and on such occasions I seldom failed to suffer the gibes of at least one who lacked the hunting spirit and, boy-like, thought it therefore called for his derision. There was education in those failures too, for they taught another principle of sportsmanship which mere marksmanship knows nothing of. I seemingly had a fair share of native tenacity, but I was by no means a good loser when my failures were advertised. I had to get that out of my system too, for it did not go with the gun.

Still, somehow or other, I never did entertain the desire to bring home a great lot of game and forever silence my self-appointed critic. I truly believe, too, that the gun had a good deal to do with this. The hunting was not easy in the country round about the city where I now lived, and the old gun seemed to tell me that a boy was doing well enough to get a couple of rabbits or squirrels, and, to guard against those all too frequent dread days when he had to go home "skunked," that a fellow should not ever want to kill a lot of them. And I, on my part, used to reassure the old gun that I didn't care if it was only a muzzle-loader—we could get our share of game, just the same. You see, already it had woven its charm about me.

I had become a hunter and began to sprout other equipment—a canvas hunting coat, canvas leggings, a special kind of felt hat, and a dog. There came a single-barrel breech-loader, and the old gun passed out of my ken. There was another dog. I became a wing-shooter and a dog trainer, possessed a duck call and a set of loading tools. The dreariest stretch of river or loneliest woodland now charmed me as nothing in nature had ever before. Dog followed dog and gun followed gun. I got to shooting with a rifle, joined the National Guard, got my name in the papers for shooting on the State rifle range, began to buy revolvers, to go away from home on hunting trips.

Meanwhile, by no means did the gun wean me away from books; quite the contrary. Along with my hunting equipment there also sprouted a restless interest in natural history, geography, exploration, and the like. Thanks to having acquired the practical view-point of a hunter, I was able to appreciate the author who had something to say. I did have to unlearn some of the nonsense of James Fenimore Cooper, and heartily wished I had known him for a nature faker from the first. I gravitated easily to Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Hudson, and their ilk; always, however, instinctively feeling for a trail under foot and back-tracking when not sure of my ground.

In the course of the next eighteen years I accumulated a gun cabinet full of the most modern firearms and a library of sporting books, went hunting in the Ozarks, the Rockies, and the Adirondacks, snowshoed after moose in Quebec, and waded in the Illinois River overflow after ducks. I tramped and cruised with game wardens, visited the State game commissioners of a dozen States, went to Washington to see the Bureau of Biological Survey, interviewed prominent sportsmen from Edmonton to Lexington and from Nova Scotia to California. I even interviewed Grover Cleveland and Colonel Roosevelt on the subject of game conservation. A couple of years before the Germans turned loose their war, for eight months I disturbed the pious and pacific calm of the National headquarters of the Boy Scouts with the rude idea that Baden-Powell, the British soldier who originated the Boy Scout idea, meant their slogan, "Be Prepared," to imply prepared to carry a gun, not a harp. Despite instructions, I drilled my troop of Boy Scouts, and drilled them hard. Since then I have had the satisfaction of vindication on both counts. In addition, I have had the satisfaction of helping a good many thousands of Boy Scouts and plain ordinary boys to learn how to shoot a .22 rifle properly. I joined the National Rifle Association of America and the United States Revolver Association, and recently induced the former to encourage boys to take up target-shooting outdoors with the .22 rifles. I made the acquaintance of the leading men in National wild life conservation work and had the honor of being consulted by them and of sharing in their activities, and even for several years led the agitation which culminated in the enactment of the Federal Migratory Bird Law. I went through every kind of firearms and ammunition factory, and I talked with the men who ran the gun stores in some four hundred different cities and towns. All this time I tried constantly to maintain the equilibrium of an average, every-day individual, and when just the other day I was asked to write this article for The Outlook I thought I could do so without bias and yet square up some old accounts. These I shall now pay, with a hunter's respects.

There are just four of these accounts, due to the following persons:

Folks who are afraid of a gun, but otherwise all right.

Folks who will not let a big-enough boy have a gun.

Folks who are fond of roast chicken—and, if necessary to get it, would chase a pet rooster till red in the face and chop his head off—yet raise objection to all hunting, and are classified among wild life conservationists as sentimentalists.

Pacifists—the worst of the lot.

There are still people who believe that the bighorn, or mountain sheep of the Rocky Mountains, when pursued, leaps over precipices and alights on its massive horns; others, including newspaper writers, who always credit with impossible skill the mythical "dead shot" who never appears on the rifle range or anywhere else to prove his prowess; and there are among hunters those who want to shoot ducks in the spring and plenty of others who are deficient in sportsmanship. But these are either harmless or can be controlled. The four classes of people I first mentioned, however, may be considered a real menace to the Nation. Their attitude toward the gun is such that, if the red-blooded people of the country were to ask each other in unison, and with regard to the war, "Are we downhearted?" they must be expected not only to answer without being asked, but to answer "Yes."

Their conception of the use of the gun is that of Germany—they cannot believe it to be anything except a tool of mere marksmanship. I believe them quite lacking in understanding as to the meaning of sportsmanship, and I say this after long and patient inquiry among them. Needless to say, they are seemingly deficient in much more understanding. They appear never to have grasped the basic truth which both warrants the practice of hunting and the taking of human life in just cause, and, furthermore, demands of every race of mankind that the instinct and ability to do these things must be kept alive. And by the same token, their false notions, which they so zealously put forward, should not be allowed to be set up as substitutes for that truth.

Only one strain of men has come down from that primordial man who went forth and killed meat to eat, looked upon the world, and proclaimed himself its master—the hunters, masters still. Only the hunters ever climb to that same pinnacle in wild nature and share the same outlook upon the world.

Can you not see him there? Esau, the hairy one. With his feet straddling a mile apart, shaggy head brushing the high blue dome of summer. Embodied in him, as one of the hunters he typifies, you look down upon a world of green, with here and there a silver ribbon of a river or the sheen of a lakelet. Far

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SUMNER W. MATTESON

HOMEWARD BOUND

Until you can ride home at the close of a long day in the hunting field and feel the particular satisfaction that goes along with being so tired you can't hold your gun between your knees, and realize that it *is* satisfaction, regardless of the day's disappointments and none too many birds under the seat, you have not been through your A B C's with your gun

away on the horizon you see what at first appears like a fog in some distant valley. It is the smoke pall above some city, and it reminds you, hunter that you are, of the vaporings of the city men you know who can never stand where you do, nor even rise above their droll little chimneys, yet presume to force upon their fellows their narrow conception of a world outlook. Poor little wall-warped and roof-stunted boys who were never allowed to have a gun!

CAMPING AND THE MOTOR CAR

BY ADELAIDE OVINGTON

WHEN we decided to fit out our runabout for camping, we sent off thirty-two postals to thirty-two sporting-goods supply houses all over the country. After a few days the catalogues began pouring in, and from that moment our chief business in life was going over the various booklets from cover to cover, reading everything we could obtain on the subject, and waiting impatiently for the rest of the literature to come in. I call it literature because I can think of no more delightful reading.

List after list we made out—lists so long and so complete that I don't believe a baggage-car could have accommodated all the things we chose. We made the mistake of putting down everything we wanted, not simply what we needed. We soon learned from a reliable authority, however, that the knack of camp outfitting consists in getting the most efficient kit in the least weight and bulk. So we began to cut down our list; but it was hard. We had set our hearts on so many things that at first we couldn't bear to give them up. Nevertheless our camping authority was ruthless, and insisted that ideal outfitting is to have what you want when you want it, and never to be bothered with anything else. We would not admit that anything we had chosen could be a bother to us, but we had to acknowledge that one poor little runabout would be unable to move an inch under the load of things we wanted.

I shall give you a complete list of our camping outfit, just as I have taken it from my husband's note-book, as an appendix to this article. You may think some of the things superfluous. On the other hand, you may wish to add to them, as experience makes you proficient in woodcraft. I am sure I can guarantee, however, that you can safely go into the woods with our list and feel that you won't find wanting any really important thing, as this list is the final result of many revisions.

We are trying to learn the art of going "light but right," to save weight and bulk without sacrificing utility; above all, we are striving to perfect the simplicity and fitness of our equipment.

Every camper reads, or should read, Horace Kephart. He teaches us real woodcraft, which is knowing how to do without the appliances of civilization rather than adapting them to wild life. Woodcraft, he says, is the art of getting along well in the wilderness by utilizing nature's storehouse. From him we learn what sticks to gather for the fire—not those lying flat on the ground, for they are generally damp; to take salt in a wooden salt-shaker to keep out moisture; to hang fresh meat wrapped in cheese-cloth in a tree; to put hot pebbles in our shoes to dry them; and the many uses of adhesive plaster.

Of all the handy things in our camping kit I believe surgeon's rubber adhesive plaster comes first. There is no fear in shifting camp of having the milk spill out of the can we have just opened for breakfast, for we put a little square of adhesive plaster over each hole in the tin, and are secure in the knowledge that there will be no leakage.

Our precious bottle of maple syrup makes many a perilous trip unharmed after we have stuck one strip of the plaster around it at the top and another at the bottom, while a strip over the cork and down opposite sides of the bottle prevents the loss of a single drop. The tops of our baking-powder cans and similar tins we secure to the bodies in the same way.

The filter we used is the official filter of the European armies, and consists of a small flat flask of porous earthenware to which is attached a rubber tube fitted with a mouthpiece. My husband had it with him when he followed the winding Allegash through the wilds of Maine. He made this canoe trip with a friend and two Indian guides, and found the filter most convenient, as they were often forced to drink muddy river water. When canoeing my partner would drop the flask overboard into the muddiest stream and by drawing on the mouthpiece get pure, clear water. Then he would wind the tube around the flask, put it into a waterproof metal case, and slip it into his pocket.

Once he and his companion came to their night camp and found no water but a pond covered with green scum. Pushing aside the scum, they filled a pail with the water, which they placed on a table. They then put the flask into the water, allowing the tube to fall into an empty bucket on the floor. By drawing on the mouthpiece the flow of water was started, and continued on the principle of a siphon. In the morning a pail of crystal clear water awaited them—the same water which the night before had been full of mosquito wigglers.

The gun my husband carried has two barrels; the upper one, of .22 caliber, is used as a rifle; the lower one, of .44 caliber, can

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be used as a small-bore shotgun, or as a rifle by employing ball cartridges. The gun is really a double-barreled pistol, with barrels twelve inches long, and a folding stock. This light weapon hangs in a leather holster on the left hip, and may be instantly unfolded and brought into action. It is ready for anything, from a squirrel to a deer.

A fly-swatter seems almost too civilized a thing to take on a camping trip, but it certainly is not, for we found that there were camping flies as well as house flies—flies that took up their abode with us as naturally and contentedly as though they had lived in a tent all their lives.

Fortunately, most of our nights were mosquitoless; but always take bobbinet with you—bobbinet being a high-grade mosquito-netting at ten times the price of the ordinary article. It is well worth the difference, however, as the meshes are fine and the material much stronger than the ordinary five-cents-a-yard variety.

After looking at the various automobile ice-chests on the market, my fellow-camper decided to make one himself. Those we saw were evidently designed for picnickers, not campers. The store products had thin, poorly insulated walls, with space in the center for a piece of ice about as big as your fist.

Having several fireless cookers, we decided to dedicate one of them to the cause. So now we possess what I am sure very few people have—a fireless ice-box. Of course, when you come right down to it, all ice-boxes are fireless, but they are not all made out of fireless cookers. The walls of ours are thick and well insulated, with a place in the center for a piece of ice large enough to last us four days, and room besides for almost five pounds of butter and some fresh meat as well.

All my companion had to do to transform the fireless cooker into a refrigerator was to drill a hole through the bottom, into which he inserted a metal tube, allowing several inches of it to remain outside, and carefully soldering the tube to the metal lining of the inside so as to avoid leaks. Then he drilled a hole in the running-board of our car, through which the tube of the ice-box was to pass.

The Dutch oven is useful, not only for cooking, but for washing purposes as well. We use one side of it as a dish-pan and the other as a wash-basin, care being always taken never to get the two confused. This is easy, as they are of different sizes.

The baker is a folding reflector of aluminum, similar to those our great-grandmothers used for baking biscuits before a hearth fire. Kephart's description of it will give you an accurate idea of what it is like:

"The top slants like a shed roof, and the bottom like another shed roof turned upside down, the bread-pan being in the middle. The slanting top and bottom reflect heat downward upon the baking and upward against its bottom, so that bread, for instance, bakes evenly all around.

"A prime advantage of this cunning utensil is that baking can proceed immediately when the fire is kindled, without waiting for the wood to burn down to coals, and without danger of burning the dough. Fish, flesh, and fowl can be roasted to a turn in this contrivance."

All of our cooking utensils are of aluminum and our tableware of white enamel, for tin makes tea "taste" and aluminum burns the mouth. Also white-enamel plates are easier to clean than tin or aluminum and more attractive in appearance.

The way our cooking utensils nest is, of all things, the most ingenious. I can best describe this by telling you how we put them together when packing.

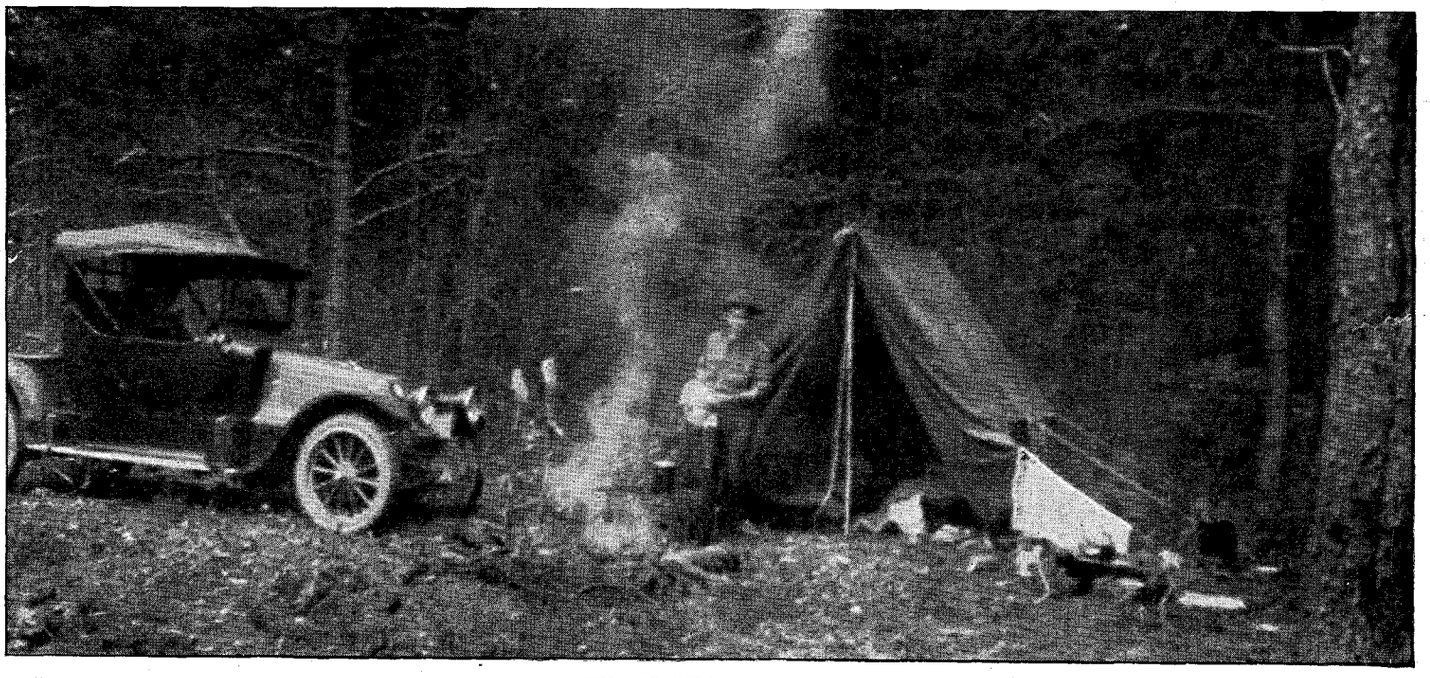
We take the largest pail, and inside of this put the largest stew-pan; then comes the second largest pail, and then the second largest stew-pan; finally, the smallest pail, and in it the smallest stew-pan. (Doesn't this remind you of the three bears?) Now comes the coffee-pot with folding handle, inside of which fit the four white-enamel bowls and the four tea-cups, nested together. The covers of the various utensils are then put on, and the result is a package no bigger than the largest pail. The knives and the light-weight aluminum forks and spoons are rolled up in a khaki case, which is placed upon the pail. The four white-enamel plates and the two fry-pans, with their handles compactly folded beneath them, go under the pail. The whole is then put into a minute duffel-bag made for the purpose.

Our cots are remarkably ingenious in construction, so light and yet so strong. Each one consists of two parts—a framework which folds up, and a khaki-colored canvas top which hooks to the framework. When the cot is put together, the canvas is taut, and because of the flexible framework to which it is attached it is resilient and gives comfortably with the body. The cots weigh only eleven pounds each, and fold up into a compact bundle.

Our tent, by far the most attractive and important part of our outfit, I have left until last to describe. It is a wall tent, 7×10, of khaki-colored balloon silk, with telescoping poles, and weighs only thirteen pounds. It rolls up into such a tight, snug little bundle that before opening it the first time we very much doubted if even one of us could get into it, whereas it houses our two cots with the greatest ease, leaving an aisle between them and a small space at one end.

Bacon may well head the list of provisions, for there is nothing to compare with it when broiled over a fire in the woods. It has a flavor and crispness all its own. I agree with Henry van Dyke, who says in that delightful book "Days Off:"

"Bacon 'brings to its sweetness no satiety.' It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean wood fire;



MAKING ALL SNUG FOR THE NIGHT

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"FLAPJACKS COMING!"

aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the mature bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting, and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method."

Sandwiches and deviled eggs may do well enough for picnickers, but a true camper likes to feel that he prepares from the raw materials and with his own hands practically everything he eats. I would rather have a smoked herring broiled on a pronged stick over the camp-fire than a *filet mignon* with mushrooms. It tastes better. It gets us closer to nature; moreover, there is a satisfaction in achieving creditable results by the simplest means. Be plain in the woods.

We always take along enough bread for the first meal, as we know we shall be busy pitching camp and making things snug for the night. After that we like to feel that we are dependent for bread upon our own efforts. Whoever has eaten flapjacks for breakfast tossed in a fry-pan over a bed of glowing coals and served with plenty of maple syrup, or watched biscuits rise and brown before the camp-fire, alternated now and then with johnny-cake for the sake of variety, will never be willing to substitute ordinary, ready-made white bread again.

Our cook-book was invaluable in the woods, for it tells just how to use the materials at hand, even should our only shortening be bear's grease. Unfortunately, I have never been a wild enough camper for that, but I have used salt water in my biscuits for the lack of fresh, with splendid results.

Be sure your provision list is complete. There is great satisfaction in feeling that you are self-contained and do not have to stop on the way for a dozen different things. We never stopped to buy anything except fruit, and we found afterwards that we could have done very well without it.

We have two duffel-bags—three, counting the little one in which the cooking utensils are already packed—a small satchel, and the back of the car in which to put things. Into these four spaces everything must be stowed away.

The food duffel and satchel we strap to one of the running-boards; to the front of the other the refrigerator is made secure, and back of it the clothes duffel, into which goes, last of all, our tent.

Everything else must go into the back of the car—and does; but, I'll admit, without an inch of space to spare. If you don't happen to have a car with such a commodious rear compartment, you may have to put more things on the running-boards or in the tonneau, in case yours is a touring car.

As we put each thing into its duffel-bag or in the car we check it off our list, so that when we have finished we are absolutely certain that we have not left behind a single thing, however small. This is important, for well we know that the least thing forgotten may mean untold discomfort, and, in most cases, doing without.

We are trying to strike a happy medium between too much luggage and too little; to leave behind every unnecessary thing and at the same time take along exactly what we need. As Nessmuk says:

"We do not go to the woods to rough it; we go to smooth it. We get it rough enough in town. But let us live the simple, natural life in the woods and leave all frills behind."

Of course there will be many things we won't have that we do have at home; but, on the other hand, do we need them? "It is one of the blessings of wilderness life that it shows us how few things we need in order to be perfectly happy."

IN POCKETS	PROVISIONS	
Blank checks.	Bacon.	Ham.
Camera (loaded).	Baking-powder.	Jelly.
Compass.	Bread (enough for first meal).	Jam.
Fountain pen.	Butter.	Lemons.
Handkerchief.	Chocolate (sweet).	Meat.
Matches (in waterproof box).	Cocoa.	Milk (evaporated, small size).
Note-book.	Coffee.	Maple syrup (quart bottle).
Pencil.	Corn-meal (old-fashioned, bolted).	Potatoes.
Pipe.	Corned beef (cooked and ground up).	Salt-shaker (wooden).
Pouch and tobacco.	Eggs.	Salt pork.
Post-cards.	Flour.	Smoked herring.
Purse and money.		Sugar.
Sheath knife (on belt).	PARTY OUTFIT	
Time-table.	Adhesive plaster.	Fly dope and mosquito foe.
Watch (cheap).	Baker.	Fly-swatter.
	Belt ax (in sheath).	Grate.
PERSONAL BELONGINGS	Blankets.	Ice-chest and ice.
	Bread-board.	Kephart's "Camping and Woodcraft" and "Camp Cookery."
Bathing suits.	Broiler (wire).	Lantern.
Cartridges.	Bucket (collapsible, canvas).	Medicines: First aid outfit, cascara, carbolated vaseline, eudoxin, eurotropin, mercury tablets, quinine, rhinitis.
Comb-and-brush kit.	Camp-stools (auto "third seats").	Map (United States Geographical Survey).
Films.	Can-opener.	Nails and tacks (in shaving-stick box).
Fish pole, reel, and tackle.	Canteen.	Napkins (paper).
Handkerchiefs.	Cheese-cloth.	Pouch (wall).
Hairpins and pins.	Chain hooks (for hanging kettles over fire).	Pillows.
Lenses (spare, for glasses, and case).	Citronella.	Rope.
Mackinaws.	Clip clothes-pins (6).	Sewing outfit.
Mirror.	Cooking utensils (in special duffel).	Scissors (small).
Pajamas.	Cots.	Shelves (collapsible).
Pocket rifle (and cleaners).	Dish-mop.	Soap for dishes.
Poncho.	Dish-towels.	Spade (detachable handle).
Rubber boots.	Dutch oven.	Table top.
Shaving outfit.	Elastics.	Tent, uprights, ridge-pole, ground cloth, and bobbinet.
Soap in box.	Electric flash-light (large size).	Thoreau's "Walden."
Stockings and socks.	Filter (Berkfelt, army pattern).	
Sweaters.	Flapjack turner.	
Tooth-brushes.	Flour-sifter (½ pint).	
Tooth-powder.	Fork (long-handled, cooking).	
Towels (small and bath).		
Tobacco (main supply).		
Underclothes.		

WHAT TO TAKE ON A CAMPING TRIP

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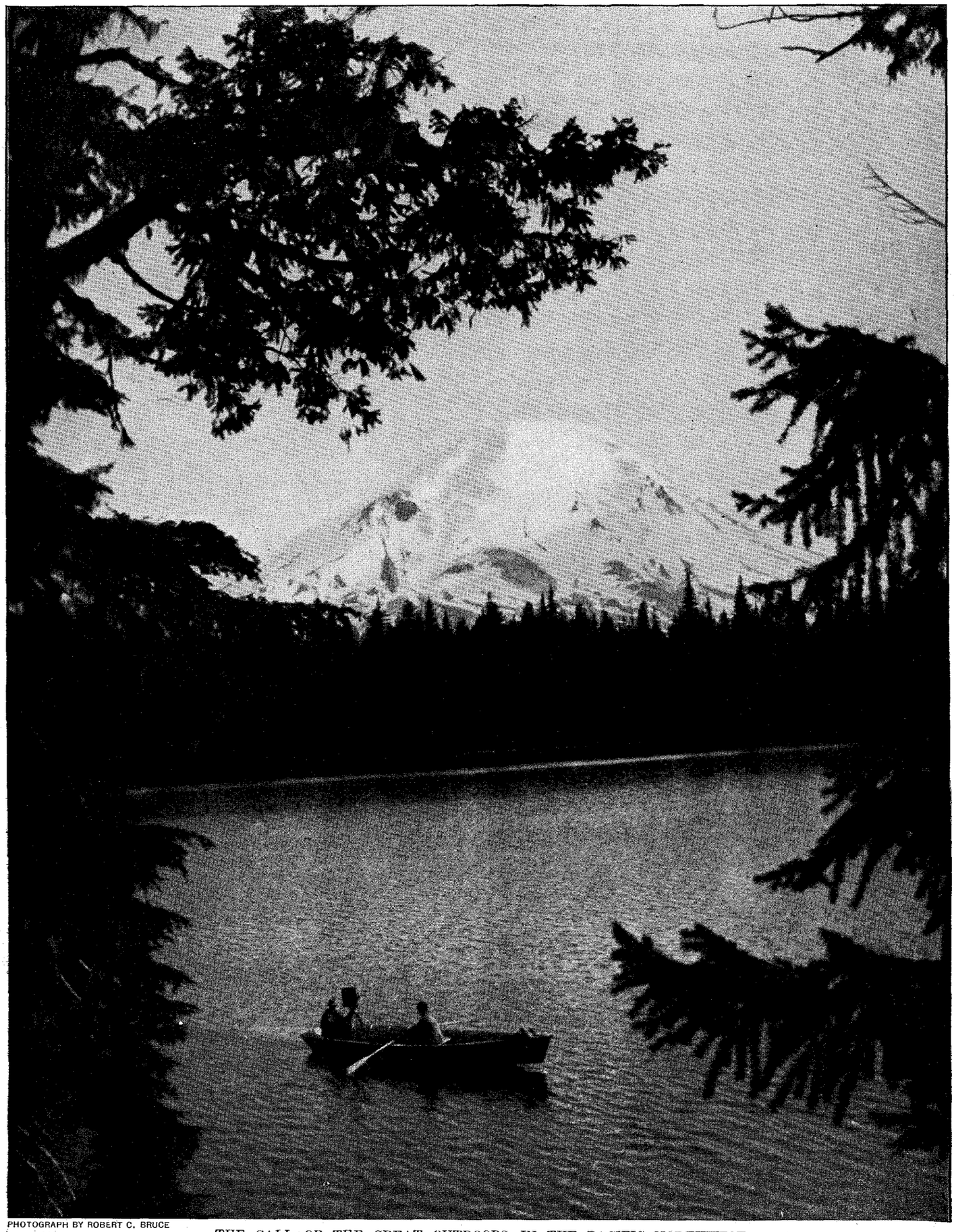
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. BRUCE

THE CALL OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS—IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Come, ye disconsolate, come get the sure virtues of shore and wood and field. . . . American Democracy, in its myriad personalities, in factories, workshops, stores, offices—through the dense streets and houses of cities, and all their manifold sophisticated life—must be fibered, vitalized, by regular contact with outdoor light and air and growths, farm scenes, animals, fields, trees, birds, sun-warmth and free skies.

— WALT WHITMAN.

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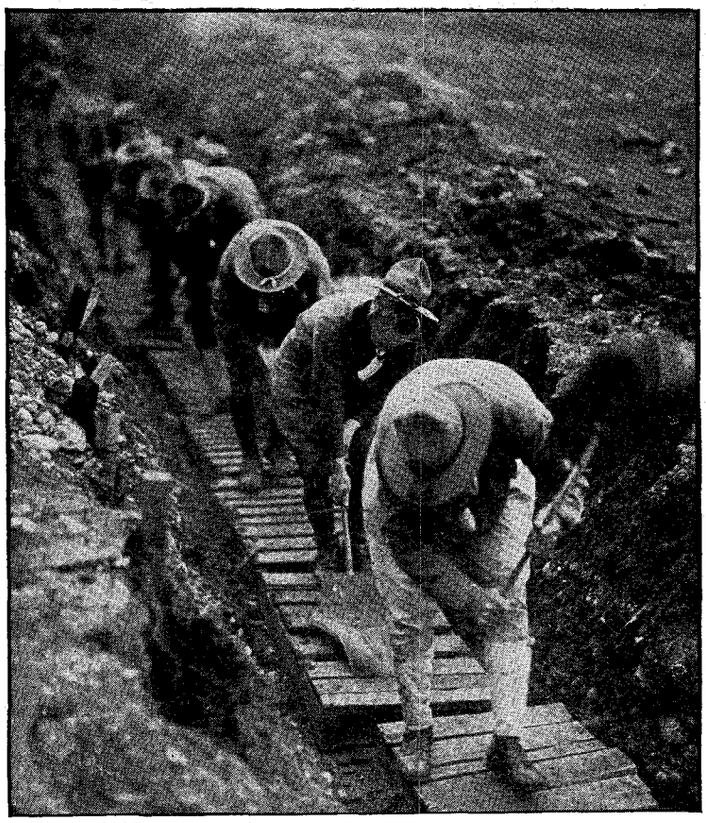
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

PROTECTED FROM THE FUMES—AMERICAN SOLDIERS, TRAINING FOR THE FRONT, WALKING THROUGH A FIELD PERMEATED WITH DEADLY GAS

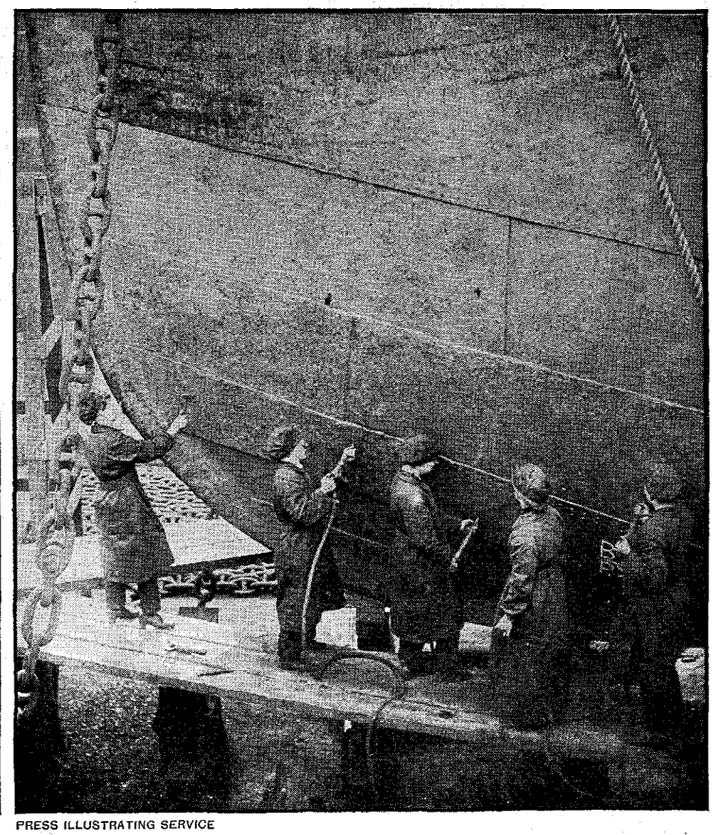
With their gas masks on, these men at Camp Fremont are able to walk unconcerned through a section of the training ground which has been prepared to test their masks and their morale when confronted by conditions similar to those at the front



BAIN NEWS SERVICE

BEATING OUT THE FUMES

Poison gas, being heavier than air, in most cases, lingers in trenches and other hollows, and can be, so to speak, bailed out, as it is in the action (at a training camp) pictured here



PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

ENGLISH WOMEN WORKING AS SHIP REPAIRERS

The women are engaged in cleaning the ship's bottom from scales and adhering substances as she lies in dry dock

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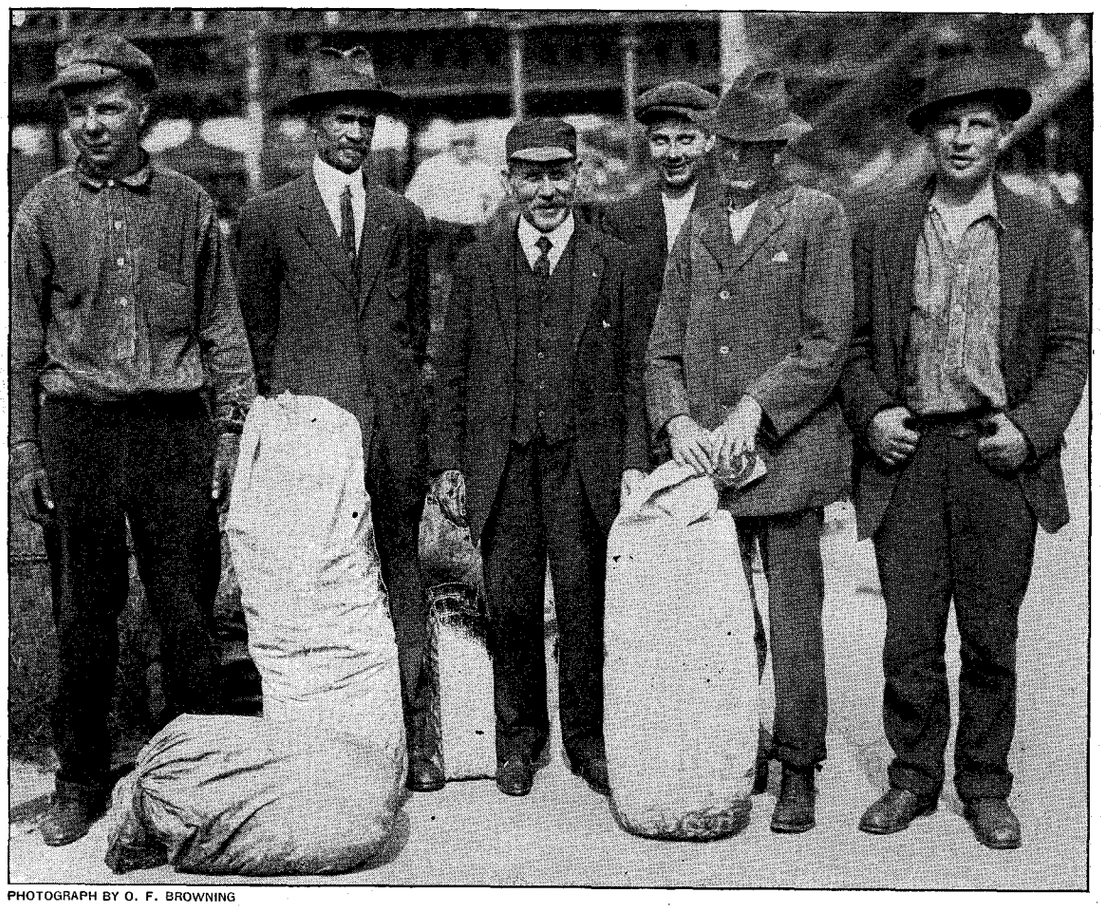
(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

CAPTAIN H. G. NEWCOMBE



PHOTOGRAPH BY O. F. BROWNING

SOME MEMBERS OF THE CREW

THE SUBMARINES' ATTACK ON AMERICAN SHIPPING—RESCUED MEN FROM THE SCHOONER EDWARD H. COLE, SUNK NEAR THE AMERICAN COAST BY A GERMAN U-BOAT

(C) WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

The negative answer to this familiar question is clearly indicated in the smiling faces of these British seamen who took part in the second raid on Ostend. The man on the left was a stoker on the Vindictive (the war-ship that was sunk to obstruct the channel at Ostend), and next him is one of the crew of a motor launch that went out to rescue the men from the sunken vessel. Both were wounded by the Huns' fire

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of June 5, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Italy Three Years in War.
Reference: Page 213.
Questions:

Note.—Make this topic the basis of a study of the Triple Alliance, why Italy went to war, and Italy's record since she entered the war. Read carefully the references suggested at the end of the questions. 1. Give in six sentences the substance of what The Outlook has written on "Italy Three Years in War." 2. The Outlook says that Italy has taken the place of Russia as "protector of the Slavs." Explain what is meant by this. What reasons can you give which tend to show that Italy will or will not be as good a protector of the Slavs as Russia has been? 3. Give several reasons for the formation of the Triple Alliance. When was it formed? What conditions existed in Europe at the time? 4. Discuss the Triple Alliance as a dominant force in European politics. 5. Was this Alliance a good thing? Reasons. 6. Why did Italy get out of the Alliance? Was she justified in doing so? 7. The Outlook speaks of Italy's armies having achieved "marvels in the conquest of difficult positions in the Alps." Describe these military marvels. 8. What contributions has Italy made to modern civilization? Discuss the value of these. 9. You will find enjoyment and be liberally rewarded in reading "The Origins of the Triple Alliance," by A. C. Coolidge (Scribners); references under "Triple Alliance" in index of "Modern European History," by C. D. Hazen (Holt); "The Diplomatic Background of the War," by Charles Seymour (Yale University Press); "Italy at War," by E. A. Powell (Scribners).

B. Topic: How Australia Answered the Call.
Reference: Pages 225, 226.
Questions:

1. For what reasons, according to Captain Knyvett, did Australia enter the war? 2. How do you explain the fact that, "within twenty-four hours" after Germany invaded Belgium, Australia "instinctively felt" that France was fighting Australia's battle, while it took America about 26,000 hours to appreciate that France was from the outset fighting America's battle? 3. What was and is Australia's attitude toward conscription? Why is it easy to misunderstand her attitude in this matter? Is conscription democratic? 4. What facts of Australian civil government do you find in this article? Add a number of others. 5. Make several comparisons between Australia and the United States as to government, population, and geography. 6. Characterize the morale, the national spirit and ideals of Australia. Give illustrations from Captain Knyvett's article. 7. Before you are forty-eight hours older read "Over There with the Australians," by Captain Knyvett (Scribners). Read also "Germanism from Within," by A. D. McLaren (Dutton), and "Out of Their Own Mouths," by Munro Smith (Appletons).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Railways.
Reference: Editorial, page 217.
Questions:

1. Give the new plan of Government operation of the railways as set forth by The Outlook. 2. The Outlook says that this plan "is working well." Prove this. Make comparisons with the old plan of railway operation. 3. What are the points in this editorial which The Outlook thinks "should have special emphasis"? Do you think The Outlook's position well taken? Discuss.

B. Topic: The President and Taxes.
Reference: Page 211.
Questions:

1. From the report in The Outlook, what did President Wilson say about taxes and taxation and the elections? 2. "Politics is adjourned," said the President. Did he imply that both he and Congress have been "playing politics"? 3. Have they? Reasons. 4. The Outlook believes that the present Federal Tax Law should be done away with and a new law take its place. Is it relief from taxes or relief from methods of levying taxes that taxpayers need? Discuss, giving reasons.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

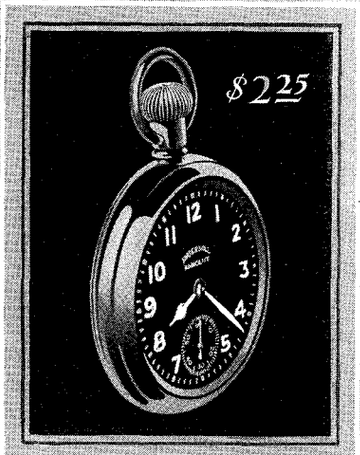
1. Every true American desires to humiliate Germany. 2. Permanent peace can be secured only by making Germany realize that war does not pay. 3. This war has contributed a new standard by which to measure personal worth. 4. Everybody is prepared to pay higher taxes.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for June 5, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

The standardizing of democracy, littoral (213); the referendum (225); berserker, initiative (226); Federal, comparable, howitzer, civilians (217); inflation, profiteers, lobbyists, politics (211).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application



YOU can buy this watch, which shows the time in the dark as clearly as in day, for only $2.25. In Canada it's $2.50.

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The accuracy and reliability of the movement is assured by the guarantee that has safeguarded the buyers of over 50 million Ingersolls.

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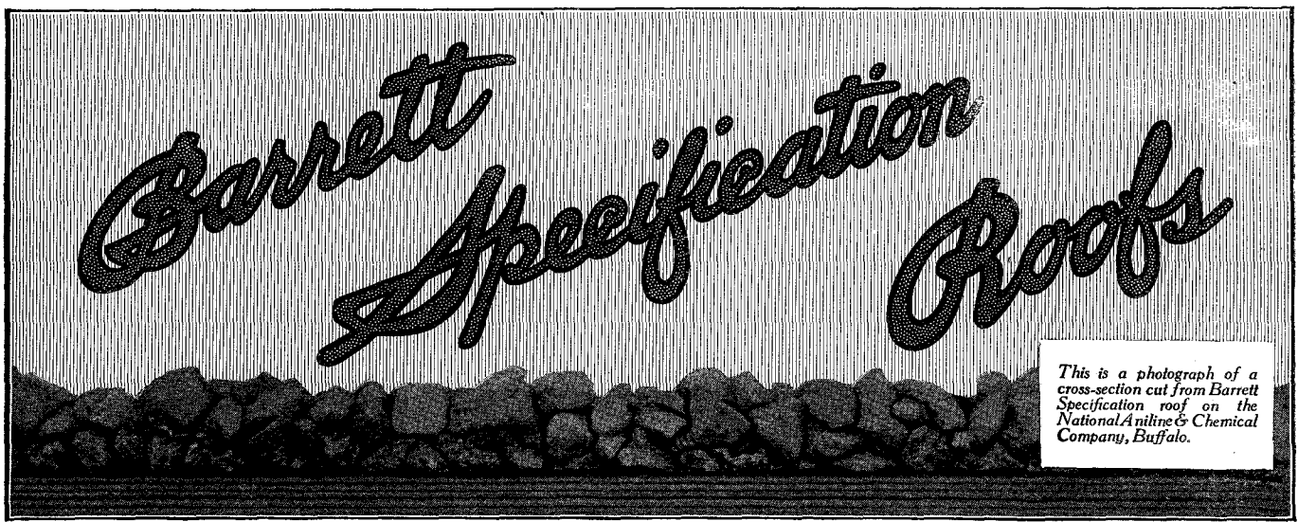
Barrett Specification Roofs
This is a photograph of a cross-section cut from Barrett Specification roof on the National Aniline & Chemical Company, Buffalo.

Above photo shows why we dare *Guarantee* Barrett Specification Roofs for 20 Years—

Above is a photograph of a cross-section cut from a Barrett Specification Roof.

Note its great thickness.

Note the five alternating layers of Specification Pitch and Felt Waterproofing.

Note the heavy wearing-surface of Slag bound with Pitch.

No other type of roofing approaches a Barrett Specification Roof in the amount of protective waterproofing material used in its construction.

The weight of this waterproofing material is about 250 lbs. to 100 sq. ft., compared with 175 to 100 lbs. used in other types of roofs.

The wonder is *not* that we dare guarantee such a roof for twenty years, but that some people still buy light-weight, poorly constructed roofs and expect them to give long and satisfactory service.

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The experience of many years has proved that Barrett Specification Roofs *cost less per year of service* than any other kind. It is because they give such long service at such low cost that this type of roofing now covers most of the permanent structures of the country.

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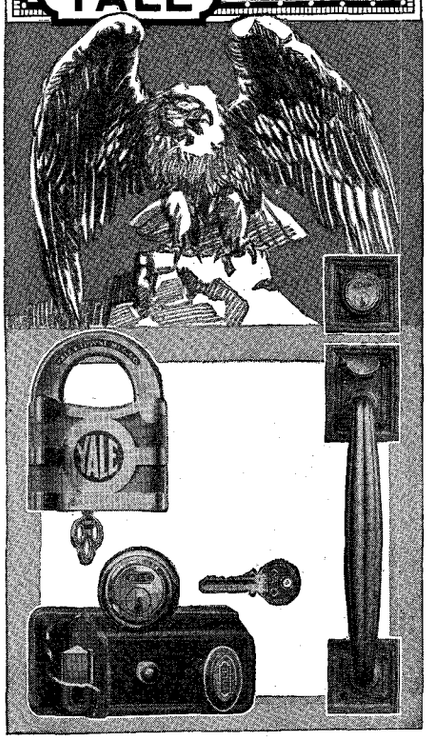

DICKENS AS AN EDITOR

Every one who has read Forster's delightful "Life of Charles Dickens" knows how the novelist toiled in the editorial office of "Household Words" to make the magazine a popular success. His collaboration with contributors was constant. He constantly wrote to them to suggest changes and put enough energy into that kind of labor to have brought forth another "David Copperfield." Probably he used rejection slips, but often he wrote frank, kindly letters.

The one that follows appears (for the first time, we think) in Mr. T. F. Plowman's recent book of reminiscence called "In the Days of Victoria:"

Office of "Household Words,"
A weekly Journal conducted by Charles Dickens,
No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand.
Monday, Twenty-eighth February, 1853.

My Dear ——,

It is my misfortune that I can only consider papers offered for insertion here with one plain and direct reference to their suitability to these pages. If I could take any other circumstances into account, I should have a prodigious staff of contributors of great merit in various other capacities, but unfortunately possessing such slender pretensions to appear in print that they would very speedily settle this benevolent Journal.

The lady who has written the paper I unwillingly return appears to me to have some talent for description, but I am afraid she does not quite distinguish between what is easily written and what is easy writing. A world of patience, labour, and care separates the two. The paper contains a quantity of words and a mustard seed of matter. The constant address to the reader is a tiresome avoidance of any art in saying what is to be said, of which we have the most wearisome experiences here at least a hundred times a week. But the boy and his mother are very well observed and very well described; and if the sketch had in it any other phases of peasant life, of equal merit in the setting forth, I should be glad to accept it. I don't know what the lady may be able to tell in this regard, nor would I by any means urge her to try once more, for she might well be wide of the mark. But I feel it right to say this much. I would advise her, further, for ever and a day to dismiss the Gentle Reader as a monster of the Great Mud Period, who has no kind of business on the face of the literary earth; to remember, if she sit down to write for a Journal like this, that she is just an English woman, writing the English language for a large English audience, and to consider whether she cannot get on in such an aim without German lines and French words; to forget herself as utterly as the Gentle Reader, and only to remember what she is describing.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Even some "magazinists" of our day may find good advice in this sixty-five-year-old letter from Charles Dickens.

HEINE ON GERMANY'S FUTURE

(From "On the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany")

Christianity has to a certain degree moderated that brutal lust of battle, such as we find it among the ancient Germanic races, who fought, not to destroy, nor yet to conquer, but merely from a fierce, demoniac love of battle itself; but it could not altogether eradicate it. And when once that restraining talisman, the cross, is broken, then the smoldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic berserker wrath of which the Norse poets say and sing so much. That talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone gods will arise from out of the ashes of dismantled ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and finally Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic domes.

And when ye hear the rumbling and the crumbling take heed, ye neighbors of France, and meddle not with what we do in Germany. It might bring harm on you. Take heed not to kindle the fire; take heed not to quench it. Ye might easily burn your fingers in the flame. Smile not at my advice as the counsel of a visionary warning you against Kantians, Fichteans, and natural philosophers. Scoff not at the dreamer who expects in the material world a revolution similar to that which has already taken place in the domains of thought. The thought goes before the deed, as the lightning precedes the thunder. True, the German thunder *is* German, and is rather awkward, and comes rolling along rather tardily, but come it surely will, and when ye once hear a crash the like of which in the world's history was never heard before, then know that the German thunderbolt has reached its mark.

THE POSTAL ZONE LAW

Declaring that the Second-Class Postal Zone Law recently passed by Congress menaces the spirit of unity now most vitally important to the preservation of the Nation, the Spokane Chamber of Commerce has sent a letter to Senators and Congressmen representing the State of Washington, which presents the case from a new point of view. It should furnish thoughtful reading for the millions who will be affected by the increased rates. In part the letter says:

We believe that the quality most vitally important to our National life is the continued preservation and growth of the National spirit, the spirit of unity that makes of these States and Territories one Nation. In this new Nation, whose population has been drawn from so many widely different sources, and is here scattered over such a vast extent of territory, we have the utmost need at all times to guard against a narrow, petty sectionalism that thinks only of local interests, and that has no means of sympathizing with nor appreciating the needs and the aspirations of the country at large.

We believe, further, that one of the most important factors in the cultivation of this National spirit has been and is the free interplay of thought and sentiment through magazines and newspapers of Nation-wide circulation. They furnish us a medium for the National discussion of business, industrial and political problems that is invaluable.

We believe, further, that when this Nation is at war is the time when, least of all, we can afford to cripple or render less useful these great forces for public education and information.

We remember that the swiftness with which this Nation has changed from its traditional indifference to all happenings outside its own borders is chiefly due to the publicity so freely given by the newspapers and magazines of this country. We bear in mind, further, that our Liberty Loan drives, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. campaigns, and every other cause requiring community effort must lean heavily upon these publications for their most effective support. Now, as never before, the continuance of these publications with the widest possible circulation throughout the country is essential, yet this Postal Zone Law is bound to restrict most in circulation the publications that are most vitally important to our country.

We likewise believe that no tax is so indefensible as a tax upon knowledge and information, and at this time of great National peril the means by which we become better informed and closer in touch with our Government, and with each other, are more vitally important to us than ever before.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, protest with the utmost earnestness against the zone system of postage as applied to periodicals, and express our firm conviction that it will do irreparable injury to every publication of National influence, thus depriving both our Government and our people of our most effective means of becoming better acquainted with each other.

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National War Savings Day June 28th

That's the day we sign up.

That's the day we tell Uncle Sam just how hard we want to win this war. That's the day our government has officially set for us to purchase War Savings Stamps.

On June 28th every man, woman and child in the United States will be called upon to pledge his or her full quota of War Savings Stamp purchases for 1918.

You will be expected to pledge the **full** amount that you can afford—no more—but by the same token, no less.

In every state, county, city, town and village the War Savings Committees are preparing for this big patriotic rally of June 28th. Unless you have already bought War Savings Stamps to the $1,000 limit, get busy with paper and pencil and figure out the **utmost** you can do.

Remember this. You take no chances when you go the limit on War Savings Stamps. They are the best and safest investment in the world. They pay you 4% interest compounded quarterly. They **can't** go below par. You can get back every dollar you put into War Savings Stamps **any time you need it.** You can turn them in at the Post Office **any time** for their full value plus interest.

Uncle Sam is asking hundreds of thousands of men to **give** their lives to their country. He is asking you only to **lend** your money.

What are **you** lending?

National War Savings Committee, Washington.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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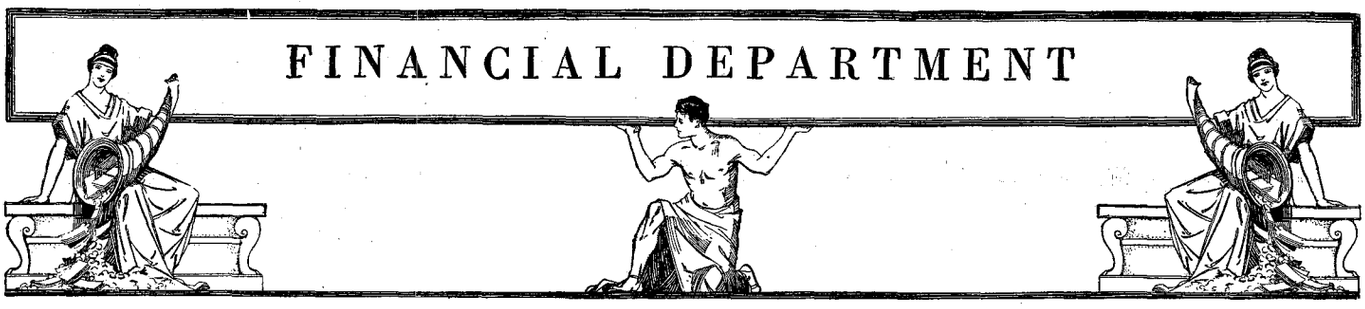

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Bonds Short Term Notes Acceptances

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FINANCIAL COMMENT

GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATION AND INVESTMENTS

FEDERAL control of railways, price-fixing in raw materials, and restrictions on the financing of new enterprises are all having an effect on security values. This effect, while not immediately apparent, will come to be recognized by investors as highly beneficial. Such considerations as the German drive, the new income tax measures, the Russian collapse, and inflation will always harass speculators. The stock market will reflect hopes and fears. But the people who occasionally invest in bonds and mortgages and who invest for safety and a fair income are at this moment afforded opportunities of a generation—opportunities in investments which, under Government guardianship, will unquestionably pay interest semi-annually and principal at maturity, and otherwise act as the investor has a right to expect.

These are times when ordinary expectations are all upset, times when serious and conservative old corporations, successful beyond measure in normal times, are embarrassed, while others upstart in prosperous careers. Under these conditions, Federal control over commerce, industry, transportation, and public service is a good thing.

There are some who will assert that the United States railway administration, for example, is indifferent and inefficient. In citing cases they will sustain some points of their criticism. But some of the economies involved—for example, the pooling of freight movements or the unification of terminals and ticket offices—are so obvious that the fair-minded man must withhold conclusions.

But what has all this to do with railway investments? Simply this: That while the Government is making these experiments, under warrant of war contingencies, it has practically guaranteed interest and dividends on railway securities. It has guaranteed them in so far as the railways were themselves compelled to take care of such obligations before the Government interfered.

The attitude of the Federal Railroad Administration on railway problems is so far in advance of the attitude displayed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission in recent years that the Commerce Commission must be suffering from chagrin. As against the Commission's insistence on competitive operations, the railways of the United States are now being run as one great unified system; as against the Commission's reticence on rate increases, a general increase in freight rates of twenty-five per cent and a substantial increase in passenger rates have just been announced by Director-General McAdoo.

While capital may shrink at the thought of Government ownership, this reaction in the Government attitude will gradually clarify the whole railway situation. It will prove the efficiency of labor under Government operation; it will demonstrate the value of unified control or will suggest economies which have been unfortunately ignored. And when the experiment is over the investor in railway securities will be better off than he has been in recent years. The outcome presents two possibilities, both favorable: (1) Either the railways will revert to their original status as private corporations, in which case they will be in a much stronger position, their problems being more generally understood and appreciated; or (2) they will remain with the Government—which will add strength to their securities, regardless of how efficiently the railway properties are operated.

For July Investment

Write for our National Thrift Investment List showing a varied offering of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Bond issues. They are issues of more than ordinary stability and safety. All issues are upon new, income-producing property. In each case the value of the property is double or more than double the amount of the issue.

Send for National Thrift Investment List.

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

Harry W. Ford, Pres. (126)

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Farm Mortgage Loans

Carefully selected and conservatively made in the best agricultural sections of

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by one of the oldest farm loan companies in this part of the country. This business was established in 1872 by L. U. Humphrey, later Governor of Kansas. Write for booklet and list.

THE HUMPHREY INVESTMENT COMPANY
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NOT ONE DOLLAR LOST
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No Investor has ever foreclosed a Mortgage, taken a foot of land or lost a dollar on a Danforth Farm Mortgage. For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

A·G·Danforth·&·Co
BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
WASHINGTON - ILLINOIS

PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANIES TO RECEIVE GOVERNMENT AID

About $225,000,000 first mortgage bonds of electric railway, electric light and power, and gas companies fall due in 1918. It is expected that the War Finance Corporation will aid them to pay or refund these maturing obligations. The aid is by no means gratuitous, as the utility companies will be required to give good security and will pay a reasonable interest rate.

President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo have both stated that these properties perform a vital service in war work. Mr. Wilson is quoted as saying that "it is essential that these utilities should be maintained at their maximum efficiency."

In order to meet increased cost for labor and materials and to secure high efficiency, it will be necessary for these companies to show improved net earnings. While the War Finance Corporation will undoubtedly render sufficient assistance to tide over the difficult capital requirements, increased rates for service are being granted in many parts of the country, particularly to traction lines. Public Service Commissions are slowly acceding to the demands of the corporations and a somewhat brighter outlook for public utility securities is noticeable.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I expect to get hold of a lot of Second and Third Liberty Bonds, and would like to ask you if you can give me the address of parties willing to pay cash for these papers.

A. Any reliable banking house would be willing to sell the Liberty Bonds you have at the prevailing market rates, and will charge you a very small commission for executing your orders. It will be necessary for you to forward your bonds to the banking house you select. Remittance will be made as soon as the sale is consummated. The quotations of these bonds appear daily in the principal newspapers.

The whole country has just completed a campaign which had for its purpose the placing of these bonds among large numbers of private investors. Every bond that is resold annuls just so much of the good work that has been done by the patriotic persons who have helped on the Liberty Loan.

Q. Please explain the security for Federal Farm Loan bonds. I am informed that they are issued by Government Land Banks, and that they are free from State, municipal, local, as well as income taxes. Is this correct?

A. Your information is correct.

Federal Land Bank bonds are secured by the deposit of an equal amount of United States Government bonds, or first mortgages on farm lands cultivated by the owners, which mortgages are appraised and guaranteed by the local National Farm Loan Association, of which the borrower is a member or a stockholder. The amount of loan to any one borrower cannot in any case exceed $10,000, and before it is made the land must be investigated and appraised, and a written report made by an appraiser or appraisers appointed by the Federal Farm Loan Board.

The Federal Farm Loan Board may at any time call upon any Land Bank for additional security to protect the bonds issued by it, as every loan is made on an amortization plan, and the principal of each mortgage will be regularly reduced, thus affecting a continuing increased equity between the loans and the land value. No mortgage loan may exceed one-half of the appraised value of the land, or twenty per cent of the appraised value of the permanent insured improvements.

Q. Which of the French cities bonds would you prefer—Bordeaux, Lyons, or Marseilles? They are offered to me at 89¾ to yield 14 per cent to maturity, April, 1919?

A. There is little to choose. Lyons is a manufacturing center; Bordeaux and Marseilles are seaport cities. We trust that one is as safe as the other.

Free Booklets for Investors

Danforth Farm Mortgages. List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

National Thrift Investment List. Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., 90L Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Kansas and Oklahoma Farm Mortgages. The Humphrey Investment Company, Independence, Kansas; McAlester, Okla.

Bonds Legal in New York and Massachusetts. Bonds Legal Z-69. The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

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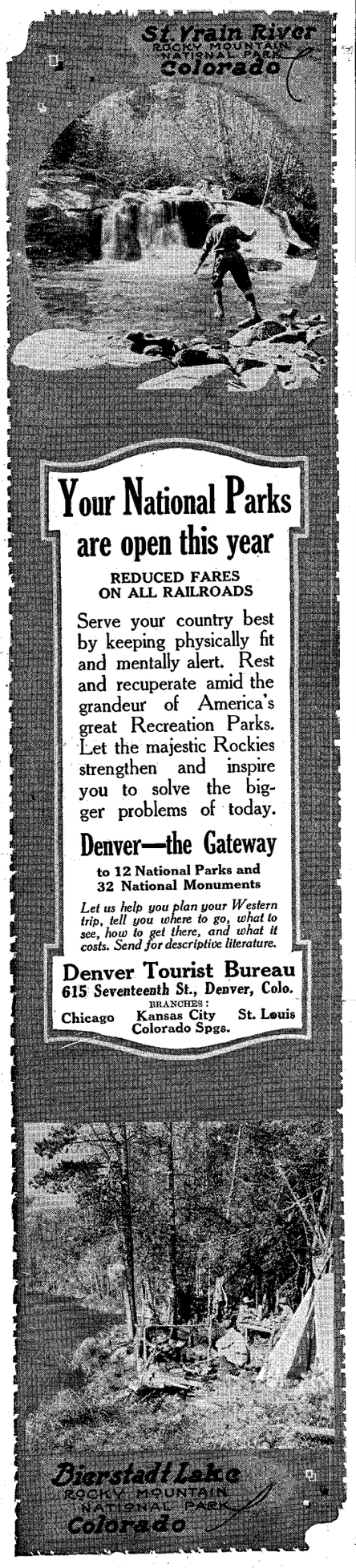
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NATIONAL PARK
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Your National Parks
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REDUCED FARES
ON ALL RAILROADS
Serve your country best by keeping physically fit and mentally alert. Rest and recuperate amid the grandeur of America's great Recreation Parks. Let the majestic Rockies strengthen and inspire you to solve the bigger problems of today.
Denver—the Gateway
to 12 National Parks and
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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

First the Blade. By Clemence Dane. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The author's former novel, "Regiment of Women," received cordial praise. The present book is also of excellent quality. In some ways it is a little lighter in tone and talk than the first book. It is really a comedy (a much-abused word nowadays) of social life and of the reaction of character. There is also in it not a little quiet humor. A girl and boy who grow into manhood and womanhood develop their traits of temperament and personality gradually, and the growth is rendered forcefully and subtly.

Johnny Pryde. By J. J. Bell. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

Johnny, the grocer's boy, is as good fun in his way as was Mr. Bell's "Wee MacGreegor" in his.

Lonely Stronghold (The). By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

One is reminded a little of "Jane Eyre" in this tale of a lady's companion and the masterful and mysterious man who puzzles and angers but finally wins her. The stronghold is a Pele (or peel)—see dictionary. The tale is lively (unlike "Jane Eyre"), but would be better for compression.

BIOGRAPHY

Bird Woman (Sacajawea). The Guide of Lewis and Clark. Her Own Story. Now First Given to the World by James Willard Schultz. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

This is the romantic story of the Indian woman Sacajawea, who helped to guide the Lewis and Clark expedition across the Rocky Mountains. "Intelligent, cheerful, resourceful, tireless, faithful, she inspired us all," said the Lewis and Clark Journal of her. Mr. Schultz tells her story as he heard it from aged Indians, and contrives to get the real atmosphere of the tepee into his narrative.

Northcliffe: Britain's Man of Power. By William E. Carson. The Dodge Publishing Company, New York. $2.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to Viscount Northcliffe's influence on English journalism, none can deny that he is a "man of power." This book about him is frankly laudatory, but it tells the story of his career in a most entertaining manner. Northcliffe's influence on the conduct of the war receives special attention and makes absorbing reading.

Wonderful Story of Joan of Arc and the Meaning of Her Life for Americans (The). By C. M. Stevens. Illustrated. The Cupples & Leon Company, New York. $1.50.

The inspiring life and the unspeakably pitiful death of this heroine of France are fully described in this recital of one of the greatest tragedies of history. Too much honor cannot be done in our day to this martyr to the savagery of her own time, and this fervid eulogy of the Maid is peculiarly welcome now, when devoted women are taking a more active part in the great drama of European history than ever before.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Last of the Romanofs (The). By Charles Rivet. Translated by Hardress O'Grady. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

This is an account of the last days of the former Court and Government, with the Emperor a more or less prominent and pathetic figure, but without having the account exactly center on him. The brilliant French journalist asserts that in the whole unsavory Rasputin episode the moral character of the Empress stood untarnished, no matter how deplorable her mistakes of judgment.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Tenting To-Night. A Chronicle of Sport and Adventure in Glacier Park and the Cascade Mountains. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

The increasing number of people who like to "camp out" will find much delight in this account of Mrs. Rinehart's expedition in the Rockies. It was a real expedition, for the party took thirty-one horses, guides, packers, a cook, and a moving-picture outfit. They went into unknown country, and had many parlous adventures. These are described in a lively and entertaining fashion that will hold every lover of the big out-of-doors.

WAR BOOKS

Fighting Engineers (The). The Minute Men of Our Industrial Army. By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

Every one has read of the splendid service rendered by American engineer forces in the war. The title of this book tells the story. Our engineers have fought with rifle and bayonet. They have also rendered service of the utmost importance in building bridges, replacing rails, building roads, in forestry work, and in other indispensable matters. Over one hundred thousand skilled men are in the American engineer force. They form not only a large but an indispensable section of our effort in France and Belgium.

Flying Poilu (The). A Story of Aerial Warfare. By Marcel Nadaud. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

This is a delightful, pathetic, inspiring story. It describes the exploits of a Paris street urchin who wins his way in the Aviation Corps. He is called Chignole—in French slang this stands for a little hand bit or tool. The translation, in which French direct discourse becomes admirable American, is by the well-known author of "My Home in the Field of Honor" and "My Home in the Field of Mercy."

War-Whirl in Washington (The). By Frank Ward O'Malley. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

These articles on war conditions in Washington, written by an experienced newspaper man, are, on the surface, amusing and flippant in manner. But they also strike with good-natured but forceful irony at red-tape duplication of effort, official dullness, and Congressional waste of time. These things were bound to exist in Washington when our National work was suddenly enlarged a hundredfold. It is not injurious, but helpful, to point out the causes, not for the purpose of scoring the men who have proved incompetent, but of showing where improvement can and must be made.

We are sure that readers will enjoy Mr. O'Malley's picture of Washington whirling about in the war-storm; and, while official Washington may find it a little dificult to smile, it certainly can get from the book some pertinent suggestions for tuning up and speeding up war activity.

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AN EXPLANATION OF THE SEVERAL METHODS OF EXPRESSING THE TONNAGE OF VESSELS

BY ROBERTSON MATTHEWS

Assistant Professor of the Heat-Power Department, Sibley College, Cornell University

The following statement may help the public understanding of our progress in ship-building. A reference to the last paragraph will suffice to show how a disagreement may arise between statements by Mr. Hurley and by the British authorities. Thanks are due for this material to Mr. E. F. Ortlip, of the Hull Department of the Harlan Plant, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, who kindly furnished the original printed material and checked our condensed statements.

The term tonnage as applied to vessels is expressed in the following different ways:

1. Displacement tonnage } Based on direct measure
2. Dead-weight tonnage } in long tons (2,240 lbs.).
3. Gross tonnage } Based solely on
4. Under-deck tonnage } arbitrary unit of
5. Net or net register tonnage } volume.

Displacement tonnage is the weight of the displaced water in long tons, and equals the weight of the entire ship with everything aboard, cargo, and with steam up.

Dead-weight tonnage is the carrying capacity of the vessel in long tons, including fuel, fresh water, stores, etc. In fact, the dead-weight represents everything going to make up the displacement of the loaded vessel excepting what is a part of the vessel and her equipment.

For those tonnages based on the arbitrary unit of volume many other arbitrary definitions and measurements are involved.

The term *tonnage* is used to define the one-hundredth part of the capacity, in cubic feet, of the combined space inclosed by holds, forecastle, poop, bridge-house, deck-houses, hatches, etc., after making certain deductions and restrictions. Making these deductions gives—

Under-deck tonnage is the capacity measured below the upper deck—that is, the internal capacity of the vessel from an arbitrary point near the bow to an arbitrary point near the stern, the location of which points depends on the shape of the vessel.

The gross tonnage is the sum of the under-deck tonnage and that of the forecastle, poop, bridge-house, deck-houses, hatches, etc. If from the gross tonnage we take the legal allowance for machinery space, crew space, and any rooms used for the ship's use proper, as the carpenter shop, steering-gear house, chain lockers, etc., we have the *net or net register tonnage.*

If we take a certain vessel, the numerical magnitude of the tonnages will decrease in the order named:

1. Displacement tonnage.
2. Dead-weight tonnage.
3. Gross tonnage.
4. Under-deck tonnage.
5. Net or net register tonnage.

Thus, in speaking of a certain vessel, we must clearly define which tonnage is meant. For example, a certain vessel has a displacement tonnage of 6,400 at its legal draft, while its corresponding dead-weight tonnage is 4,561, or 71.4 per cent of the former. For this same vessel the gross and net tonnages were respectively 2,783 and 1,647. Basing these on displacement tonnage, the respective percentages are 43.5 per cent and 25.7 per cent.

OUR INTERNATIONAL PLAYGROUND

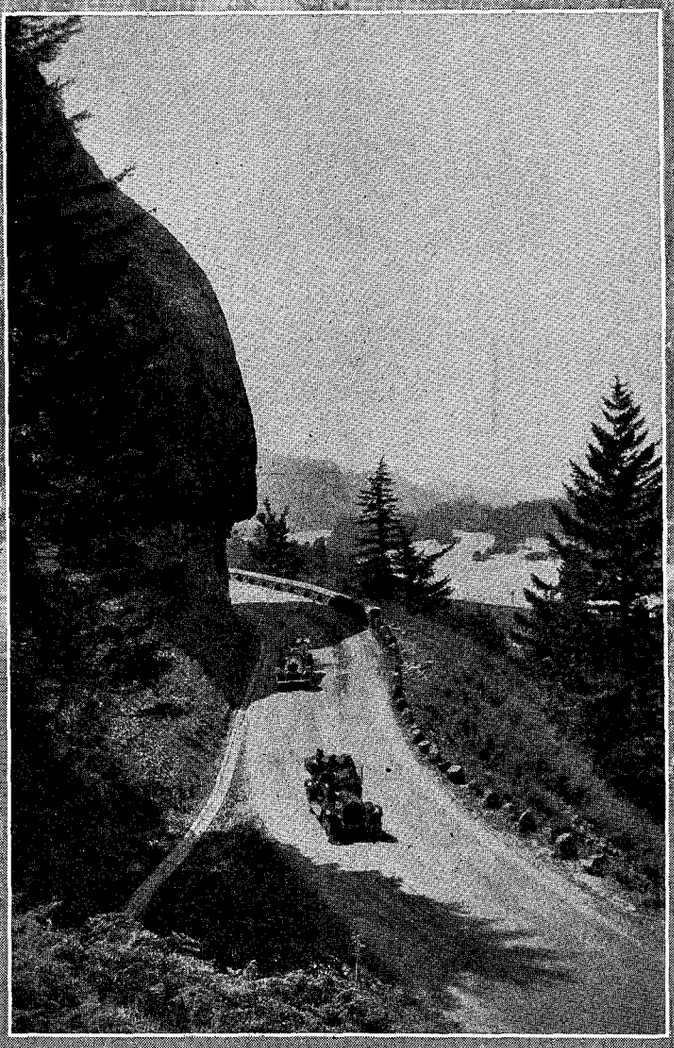
If you are putting the maximum amount of work in your own business and in all those win-the-war movements you are interested in, you must take a vacation. Spend it this year in—

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Oregon—Washington—British Columbia

Here are more forms of recreation than in any other resort region of America—in an unrivalled, cool, sunny climate; where you may breathe the pure, invigorating mountain and sea air of—

The World's Greatest Out-of-Doors



Write the Pacific Northwest Tourist Association, office of the Executive Secretary, Herbert Cuthbert, 1017-1018 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the Wednesday on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

COLORADO

11th Ave. Hotel
DENVER, COLO.
100 rooms. Rates 75c to $2.00 per day. Depot car No. 58 stops at our door.

CONNECTICUT

THE MONTOWESE
Indian Neck, Branford, Conn.
Opened its 53d season under the management of the BRYANS, JUNE 8th
It is a delightful place for families. Seashore and country combined. Abundance of shade, extensive grounds. Tennis, golf, bathing, boating, music. Electric lights, rooms with bath. Auto accommodations. 250 guests. Booklet.
W. A. BRYAN

MOUNT ALGO INN
Kent, Litchfield Co., Conn.
$3.00 per day.

The Wayside Inn
New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

NORFOLK INN
In foothills of Berkshires. Ideal scenery. All sports. Fine auto roads. Invigorating, healthful climate. Garage and all improvements.
HENRY R. SWEET, Prop., Norfolk, Conn.

GREENWICH INN
SOUND BEACH, CONN.
AN ATTRACTIVE SUMMER HOME ON THE WATER
GOLF—TENNIS—BATHING—MUSIC

MAINE

DRIFTWOOD
BAILEY ISLAND, ME.
Built on cliffs right above ocean; comfortable rooms, excellent table.
Mrs. A. McK. GULLIVER.

The Homestead
BAILEY ISLAND, ME.
Open June 15 to Sept. 15. Illustrated booklet and rates upon application. Address
THOMAS E. HAZELL, Summit, N. J.

Robinhood Inn and Cottages
Bailey Island, Me. Will open June 15. Bathing, fishing, sailing. For circular, Miss Massey.

THE JOHNSON and COTTAGES
Bailey Island, Maine. Beautiful location overlooking Casco Bay. Fishing, boating, bathing. Fresh dairy products and vegetables. Two hours' sail from Portland. H. F. Johnson, Prop.

Thwing's Camp Belgrade Lake, Maine
A picturesque collection of rustic cottages on shore of island, beautifully watered and wooded. Cottages furnished complete with all conveniences. Central dining cabin with excellent table—also used for dancing and entertainments: Fine fishing, boating and bathing. For information address
FRANCIS D. THWING, Belgrade Lakes, Me.

Ye Headland Inn
TREFETHEN, CASCO BAY, MAINE
Ideal situation within fifty feet of ocean; most attractive natural scenery, pine woods, rocky coast; boating, bathing, fishing, riding. Cool days, restful nights. Artistic simplicity, homelike comfort, excellent table. Gas, pure water, baths. Booklet. Owner management. Address WM. H. SIMON,
356 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia

MAINE

THE ARK
DEER ISLE, MAINE
Ideal location on cool Maine coast. Outdoor sports and beautiful walks and drives Excellent table. Moderate rates. L. E. Haskell, Prop

Deer Isle THE FIRS Maine
Select but inexpensive Summer Home. Booklets. S. B. KNOWLTON, Haverford, Pa.

Douglas Inn and Cottages DOUGLAS HILL, ME.
Attractive mountain resort, 1,000 feet altitude. Charming scenery; pleasant walks and drives. All improvements. Fresh dairy products, poultry, vegetables and fruit from farm. Furnished Cottages to Rent, with meals at the Inn. For terms address E. S. DOUGLAS.

COOPER'S CAMPS
In the heart of the beautiful Maine lake and forest region. Private cabins, well furnished, and central dining-room. A real change with healthful recreation. Ideal sport for the hunter and fisherman. Write for booklet.
Capt. G. W. Cooper, Eagle Lake, Me.

CAMP ALAMOOSOOK, East Orland, Me. For adults. Quiet, cool camp on lake in the woods. Canoes, fishing, tennis. Tents, log cabins. Good board. Booklet. Miss E. M. BUCK, 8 Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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Situated on a bluff overlooking Moosehead Lake in the heart of the Maine woods. Ideal scenery, hunting and fishing. Modern equipment throughout and excellent table. Motor boating, mountain climbing, tennis and other forms of healthful recreation. Pure and invigorating pine breezes. Two mails daily and long distance telephone. Accessible by auto.
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ATTEAN CAMPS Jackman, Maine
Offer a healthful outdoor life in the Maine woods. Clean, comfortable cabins, well furnished. Canoe trips, hunting and unexcelled trout fishing. Fresh food supplies daily. Expert guides at hand. Write for large descriptive booklet.
RUEL E. HOLDEN, Jackman, Maine.

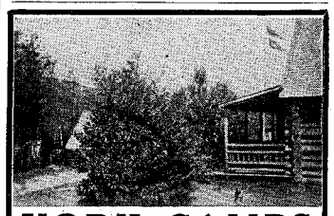
THE CHAMPERNOWNE
KITTERY POINT, ME. Modern appointments. Rooms en suite with private baths. HORACE MITCHELL, Prop.

CAMP KETCHUM
on the shore of
Beautiful Nahnamakanta Lake
under the shadow of
UNSUNTABUND MOUNTAIN
"Where Untamed Things The Wildest Grow"
In the heart of the
GREAT MAINE WILDERNESS
Where Trout Rise to Fly from June to October
Where Big Togue are Caught at Will
Where You are Sure to Get Your Big Game
Where Birds and Small Game are Plentiful
Where the Cabins are Comfortable
Where the Table is Certain to Suit You
Write for references and dates to
MELVIN SCOTT, Norcross, Maine.

Granite State Hotel Ocean Park, Maine
Situated on picturesque coast of Maine. Sandy beach and evergreen woods. Good service at reasonable rates; special attention to table. Comfortable rooms. Booklet. Season 1918: June, July, August, and September. FRANK H. THURSTON, Prop.

Ogunquit, Maine
Board in Private Family
near the rocks; good bathing. First-class table. Rates $15–$20 single, $28–$34 double rooms. Mrs. D. W. PERKINS.

MAINE



YORK CAMPS
LOON LAKE, MAINE
In famous Rangeley region in heart of mountains facing lake. Private log cabins with open fires, bath and hot and cold water. Central dining-room. Golf within easy reach; garage. Boating, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Farm one mile from camp furnishes fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, certified milk. Booklet. J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.

ROUND POND or Pemaquid Point, Maine. Cottages in desirable summer colony. Teachers can find reasonable rates. H. H. Chamberlain, Round Pond, Me.

SEBASCO ESTATES
A homelike resort on Casco Bay and Ocean. 4 miles shore, farm, gardens, woods. Club house, 16 bungalows and camps. Booklet.
SEBASCO ESTATES CO., Sebasco, Me.

Moy-mo-dä-yo Lodge A camp for ADULTS in South Limington, Me. Tents for sleeping, indoor dressing-rooms; modern sanitation. Rates $15–$20 per week. Miss MOODY, 16 Montview St., West Roxbury, Mass.

Opens July 2nd
Here it is cool—the air bracing—all conditions favorable for vacation enjoyment. Golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, fishing, driving, riding, automobiling. Music, dancing.
Free from Hay Fever.
Write for Booklet—
or wire or write for reservation.
The Grindstone Inn, Winter Harbor, Maine.
(Across Frenchman's Bay from Bar Harbor.)

Ocean House, York Beach, Me. Leading hotel. All conveniences. Private baths, excellent cuisine, comfortable and homelike. Orchestra, tennis, golf, bathing and fishing. Beautiful drives. Booklet. W. J. Simpson.

MASSACHUSETTS

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Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
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CAPE COD | THE PINES Cotuit, Mass.
Boating, bathing. Booklets. N. C. Morse.

CAPE COD | THE SANTUIT Cotuit, Mass.
Boating, bathing. JAMES WEBB.

Powder Point Hall
DUXBURY, MASS.
An ideal family resort on South Shore. New concrete construction. All modern improvements. Safe bathing and boating. Tennis, golf. Fine auto roads. Noted for its excellent table. Open last of June to Sept. 15. Booklet. Address
C. M. READE,
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MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

ABERDEEN HALL
HYANNIS, MASS.
Beautifully situated on elevation fronting the sea, in estate of 1,000 acres, well covered with pine and oak woods. Thoroughly equipped with all modern improvements. Private bathing beach, tennis courts, golf club, beautiful walks and drives. Accommodations for automobile parties. Delightfully cool ocean breezes. New management. Address
Aberdeen Hall, Hyannis, Mass.

THE BERMAKEN
Kenberma, Mass.
QUIET, RESTFUL PLACE for quiet people. Ocean front. Modern improvements. Ample table. Fine bathing. Cottage to rent.

HOTEL ASPINWALL
LENOX, MASS.
High and Cool in the Berkshires
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
Opens June 15. Elevation 1,400 feet.
Desirable Cottages with hotel service.
HOWE & TWOROGER, Managers
Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea
Private Baths. Descriptive Booklet.

COLONIAL INN
Marthas Vineyard
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Illustrated Booklet. T. H. CHIRGWIN.

BEACH HOUSE
Siasconset, Mass.
NANTUCKET ISLAND
Golfers' Summer Paradise
Best 18-hole seashore course in U. S.
Tennis, surf bathing, etc.
No Malaria No Hay Fever No Hot Days
American Plan Moderate Rates
Season Opens JUNE 29th
Booking Office:
The Vanderbilt Hotel, New York
until JUNE 15th
MERWIN J. BULKLEY, Proprietor

Sea Cliff Inn
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts
Open June 20 to Sept. 20. New England's most popular seashore resort. Every breeze an ocean breeze. Send for booklet, "Quaint Nantucket." Address
SEA CLIFF INN
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BLACK ROCK HOTEL
NORTH COHASSET, MASS.
A high-class summer hotel catering exclusively to the best people
Superb location facing the ocean amid beautiful country estates. 19 miles from Boston on famous Jerusalem Road. Especially convenient for motorists. Tennis courts, fine bathing and boating. Rates $5 to $8 per day.
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